VOL. CCXI, No. 2758

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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 20, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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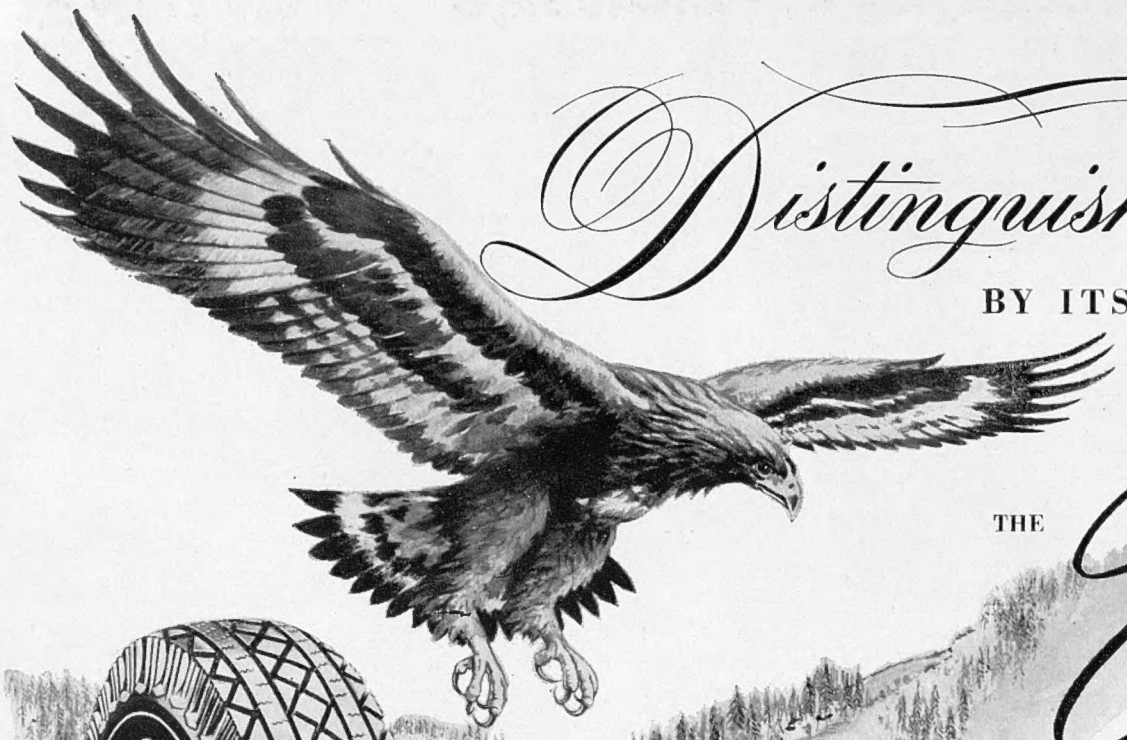

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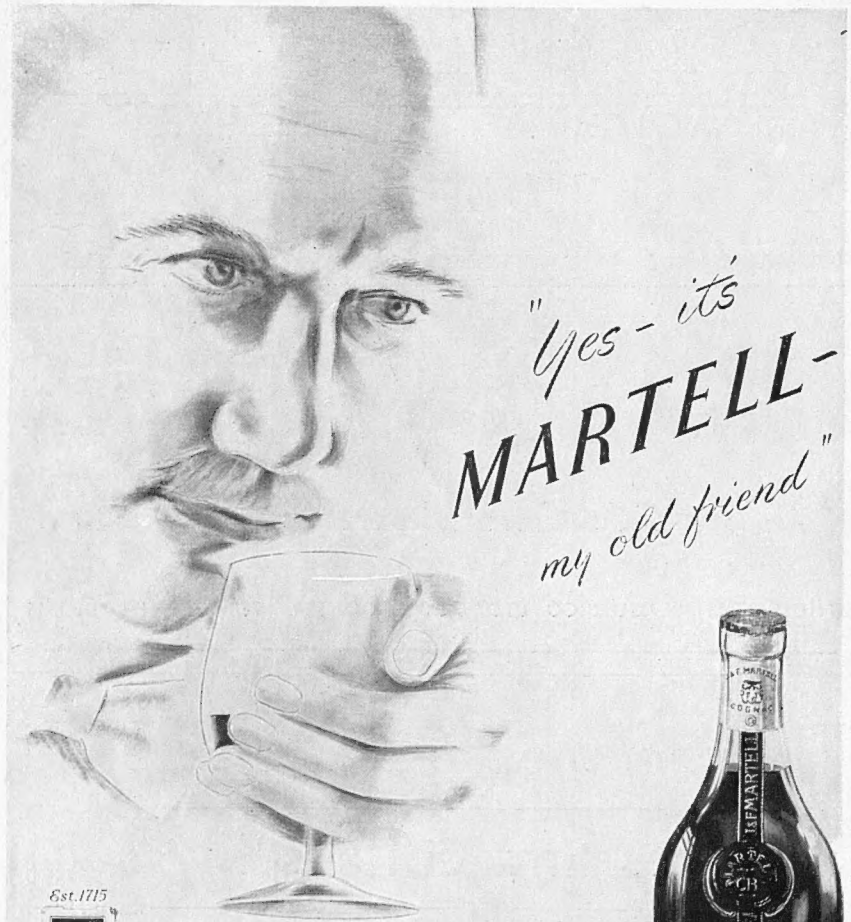

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Volume CCXI No. 2758 The SPHERE, London, December 20, 1952

The SPHERE

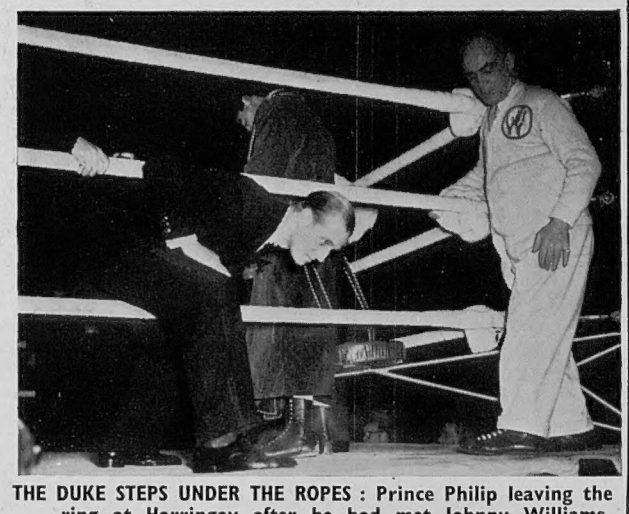
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST HELICOPTER SQUADRON MAKES A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY—A SIKORSKY S.55 PREPARING TO LAND ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "PERSEUS" AT PORTSMOUTH BEFORE THE CARRIER SET OUT FOR MALAYA: The manœuvre required considerable skill as the flight-deck was already crowded. During Christmas the *Perseus* will be on the high seas, taking vitally needed reinforcements and supplies to Malaya.

Britain's first Helicopter Squadron, No. 848, which is shown on page 477 of this issue taking part in its final fly-past at Gosport before embarking for Malaya, was later flown aboard the carrier *Perseus*, of 12,265 tons, the rotating-wing aircraft landing on the limited deck-space available after a heavy cargo of motor vehicles and a squadron of Sea Furies had already been stowed. The Helicopter Squadron has before it a big task in Malaya, not only in taking troops into action in the jungle areas but in removing wounded to base with all possible speed. Many of the lessons learnt in the helicopter squadrons in the American forces in Korea will be applied in the Malayan campaign.

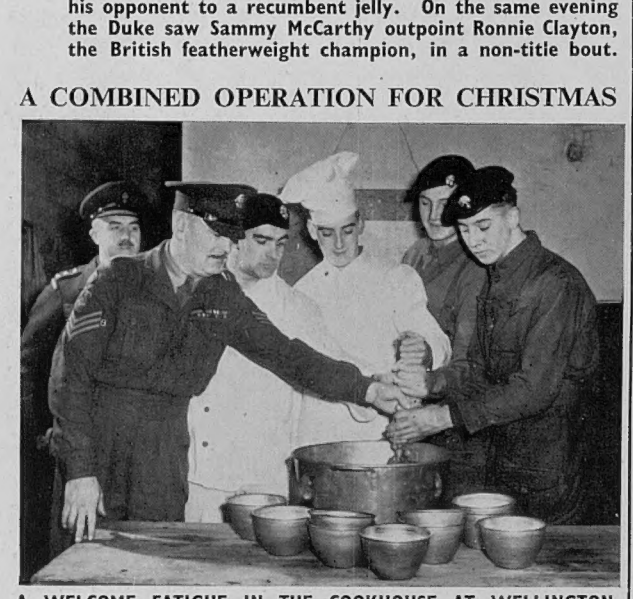
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Esewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HARRINGAY



THE DUKE STEPS UNDER THE ROPES : Prince Philip leaving the ring at Harringay after he had met Johnny Williams, the British heavyweight champion, and Werner Weigand, of Luxembourg, before their contest. In one minute of magnificent fighting in the fifth round Williams reduced his opponent to a recumbent jelly. On the same evening the Duke saw Sammy McCarthy outpoint Ronnie Clayton, the British featherweight champion, in a non-title bout.

A COMBINED OPERATION FOR CHRISTMAS



A WELCOME FATIGUE IN THE COOKHOUSE AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS, LONDON, S.W. : Grenadier Guardsmen led by a sergeant and watched by an officer, assist the cooks in stirring the mixture for the Christmas puddings. This was a familiar scene in many barracks last week when both Servicemen and women assisted in the "great stir."

ACROSS FIFTEEN COUNTRIES IN 90 HOURS

FROM OSLO, NORWAY, TO VILLAR FORMOSA, ON THE SPANISH-PORTUGUESE FRONTIER, IN "AN EVERYDAY PRODUCTION" HUMBER SUPER SNIPE : British racing drivers Stirling Moss (right), Leslie Johnson (second from right), John Cutts (left) and David Humphrey (second from left) standing alongside the Humber Super Snipe in which they drove 3,280 miles through fifteen countries in 3 days 18 hours. During part of the journey the Rootes Group team battled against icy roads and blizzards but finished the journey 1 day 6 hours ahead of schedule. The object of the run was to prove the endurance, reliability, comfort and speed of the Coventry-built Super Snipe as inspected by the general public at the Earl's Court Motor Show this year.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Happy Christmas.—An accident of dates (of publication) requires that I offer my customary good wishes to readers of the "Newsletter" earlier than usual. Indeed, I was compelled to compose my seasonable message before I yet realised that Christmas is on us, before I had visited a single shop in search of an acceptable present. For the twenty-seventh (or eighth) year, then, I wish all readers, new and old, a Happy Christmas. Peace and goodwill have in past years seemed less remote than to-day at home and abroad, but whatever winds may blow outside, we most of us in England manage to enjoy a happy Christmas inside our not impregnable castles, and a measure of goodwill. If the warmth is not generated by coal and coke, warm hearts and paraffin do what they can to step up the thermometer and, as we sit round the fire, we realise that even to-day there are worse places to live in than "poor old" England. Perhaps we learn to hate too easily from headlines in sensational newspapers, and sometimes at Christmas we tumble to it that our native devils are none of them as black as they are painted. Even in Parliament, during a periodic outbreak of ill-temper and bad manners, we do not altogether accept it that the country is on the verge of civil war and a night of long knives. The Tory knows that "there 's a lot to be said" for Nye ; Mr. Shinwell enjoys some jolly badinage with Mr. Churchill, and as the Commons scatter for the recess, they exchange kindly greetings with their bitter enemies of yesterday. Peace and goodwill are not back numbers in England, if they seem elusive over much of the earth's face. And perhaps in those places where they seem to-day forgotten relics of a happier age, the "Christmas spirit," which is our definition of charity and kindliness, still bubbles up among blacks and whites and yellows and, for brief periods, a good time can be had by all. At any rate, this Christmas 1952, there is a feeling that things here have been worse, are indeed a little better ; and that, elusive, tantalising, will-of-the-wispish, the light and comfort and peace for which men have prayed for 2,000 years, are no farther away round the next corner, but perhaps a trifle nearer.

Seasonable Reflections.—We make, then, our excuses for hatreds and ill-will at home and discount a good deal of them. When we turn our Christmas thoughts abroad after a survey of world affairs, we find it harder to find excuses or to minimise the gravity of events. For the brutalities that result from the present wave of nationalism among backward races, no doubt at all, excuses of a sort can readily be found. Ignorance, lack of education, land hunger, unemployment, housing and impatience at the slow progress of these long-needed reforms, can account for much among races still dominated by witchcraft or dry chaff for the fire of propaganda. But unless we accept it that Communism is no more than primitive witchcraft, how shall we account for the barbarities, unknown in the Dark Ages, which have blackened and still blacken a great, if satellite, nation which once justly, proudly claimed to be a pioneer in modern democracy ? An English novelist who set his scene in an England on the morrow of a political purge in which Mr. Churchill had hanged Messrs. Attlee, Morrison, Dalton, Shinwell and seven more of the Opposition, would be regarded as sacrificing realism to the benefit of sensationalism. But only a few years ago we went out to learn new methods in democracy from that democratic pioneer among European nations. The easy way to "account" for this darkest age in Europe is to charge all up to the decline of religion and to accept Communism as Anti-Christ *in excelsis*. But the Christian religion is not the only ancient and noble creed that preaches peace and goodwill and ensues them. Such ideals have been and are the basis of the finest and the longest-lived. Nor can we, if we accept the theory of Communism as Anti-Christ, deny the acceptance and practice of what we call Christian virtues by millions of avowed Communists among Russian and Chinese peasants, soldiers and all classes. They are not all murderers and torturers, incapable of mercy to infants, prisoners and old people, incapable of acts of kindness and neighbourliness, incapable of forgiveness. Communism must be, then, more than witchcraft. Its witch doctors must be dictators impregnably entrenched and utterly ruthless. It doesn't do. M. Stalin is "Uncle Joe" to some members of his family and capable of a genial gesture on a family occasion. "Only the other day" Western statesmen were patting him on the back for his bonhomie. For some, at any rate, of the horrors and brutalities the nameless crimes of our day, no explanation can be found, no excuse can palliate. Decline of religion is not enough. The most primitive races were born gentler than tigers. And even tigers have their code. We pray for peace and goodwill and acknowledge "our ignorance in asking." Are we to-day asking the impossible ?

The Business of Parliament.—No institution affecting human relations will work purely and solely from a blueprint. You may make your establishment and draw up rules and even conventions, but the thing will not work without disciplines and conventions which cannot be written down but must be accepted and practised by the human beings who compose it. It is very true of our Parliamentary institutions. The Upper House only "works" because the written "establishment" does not function to-day. It functions by a "sub-committee," and quite well too. The Commons of late have functioned deplorably because the letter of the rules and conventions has been employed in the party game to oust the spirit, the unwritten law, by which alone Parliament can "work" and retain the nation's respect. And I am bound to say that the Opposition has been the villain of the piece, and that Mr. Attlee's reputation for fair-mindedness, breadth and statesmanship has suffered a sharp decline. The whole basis of the Opposition's charges against the Government over the de-nationalisation Bills had been that the Government at a time of urgency was wasting the time of Parliament with

PRINCE FAROUK HAS A NIGHT OUT AT ROME OPERA

THEY WENT TO SEE VERDI'S "SIMON BOCCANEGRA" : Prince Farouk of Egypt puts his arm round Queen Narriman as they discuss the performance with Vincenzo Belezza, the distinguished Italian opera conductor. This picture was taken during the course of the first night of the Rome operatic season.

non-essentials and putting first things *last*. In the very article of bringing these charges, Mr. Attlee has allowed himself to waste vital days of debate in doing the very things for which he condemns Mr. Churchill. The Opposition's vote of censure on the Chairman of Ways and Means was indeed a unique example of the utter disregard by an Opposition of the spirit of Parliament. Last week, indeed, Parliament came very near its nadir of responsibility and public esteem. In its history it has registered many low-water records, but few, I think, with so little excuse. For the most part these lapses are forgotten and the institution regains its good name, for the reason that the majority of its members of all parties learn to respect the unwritten law and regret lapses of hooliganism and surrenders to ill-temper. But the surrenders and lapses of Mr. Attlee, an ex-Premier who has been praised for his statesmanship and moderation, will not soon be forgotten and, if excuses are found for them, they will be based on the weakness of his present position as leader of a bankrupt Opposition and as the head of a dog which is still directed by its tail. It was not a happy occasion for him to be hand-in-glove with Mr. Bevan.

A Prayer for Mr. Eden.—Most statesmen nowadays accept the necessity of shortening their lives and ruining their health in public service. Military chiefs have accepted the same stern necessity since world wars began in 1914. The work for ever increases in bulk and responsibility and there is never a moment for rest, nor for statesmen who most need it, for calm reflection and forward looking. I suspect that Mr. Eden is to-day such a victim of public service. I fancy the burden he bears now is good neither for him nor for the country. He is Foreign Secretary. It is, God knows, a full-time job for a superman. He has other duties besides. He is deputy Prime Minister, and his No. 1 (from generosity

and other motives) sees to it that his deputy has a full share in gaining experience of highest office. Mr. Eden bore a good deal of the burden of the Commonwealth Conference, more than most of us expected. He bore and bears more of the burden of highest office than any deputy Premier ever carried before. Mr. Churchill is approaching eighty. He retains his powers and still greatly enjoys and excels in his exchanges with the Opposition in the House, and he more than pulls his weight in the House. But even supermen, when they far outrun man's allotted span, grow bored and weary of certain aspects of the work they do supremely well and tend to concentrate on others that come easier to them. No doubt Mr. Churchill will in a year or two hand over the enormous burden he carries to younger hands and retire into the glory of international fame and historic pre-eminence. But it will be well if the hands which will take over his burden of responsibility retain some of the vigour of youth, and that his successors are not worn out before their supreme hour strikes.

The Upper House—*Solvitur Ambulando*?—The Queen's gracious message to the Lords, waiving her prerogative to admit the introduction of Lord Simon's Bill, might very well, I suppose, if the Bill should become law, achieve the required reform of the Upper House by the natural process of decay, by evolution instead of revolution, in the English way. It might . . . . if it became law in the life of the present Parliament, do the business much quicker than is generally supposed. The Bill is introduced by a Liberal. The theory of it has long been approved by very many in the two larger parties. The Wensleydale decision has long been regarded as a handicap to democratic evolution of the second Chamber. The Bill therefore affords more hope of success than does another all-party conference. But it is still a "might." Nevertheless, it is interesting to consider what *might* come of it, if the Bill became law in 1953. How might the figures stand (leaving out the Law Lords) as between hereditary and life peers by 1963? If we strike a rough average from creations and extinctions of hereditary peerages over the past thirty years, we should perhaps be justified in saying that the hereditary House has increased in numbers annually by ten. Twenty new creations against ten extinctions. If the Sovereign began in 1953 to create ten life peerages annually, one might forecast that new hereditary creations would be reduced by at least one-third—say, to fourteen per year. If the extinctions remained level, the hereditary increase would be largely checked. In ten years, 100 hereditary titles might be extinct, 140 new creations might have been made. During that decade, 100 life peers might have been created, 20 per cent. of whom at most would have died. The "new" House would by 1963 be well on its way to reform itself, to purge itself of the element of legislators-by-accident of birth. If the life-peerage principle proved successful, the hereditary creations would soon fall annually below the level of life creations and, in ten years more, the job of reconstruction on a democratic basis would be half-done.

London Particular.—It was all my eye that modern methods had conquered the horrible pea-soup fogs of my youth which blanketed London for days on end and provided jobs as linkmen and guides for London's miserable unemployed. Gone is the old man's privilege of boring his grandchildren with tales of the great black-outs of his childhood. The grandchildren can taste the nasty pea-soup for themselves. The mixture is the mixture as before, and there has been no improvement. Every three years we have a return of the old-time curse and register new records. I don't wonder. No doubt these fogs are partly caused by accidents of weather; pressure, density, lack of wind, and so on. But the quality of the coal we still burn is infinitely worse and grows for ever worse, and that is a contributory cause. We enjoy these pea-soup fogs in miniature in our homes when we burn even the manufactured anthracite balls (sold at £7 to £8 a ton) in our stoves and find them disintegrate into grey or black dust before they are well alight. And (as usual) we have no redress. We must take what we can get, pay and look pleasant. Take Eton and Windsor during the black-out of London. Black ink was falling from the dripping trees in that area one day last week, a blacker, muddier ink than I ever saw distilled from London's plane trees in old days, an ink that stained indelibly car roofs and bonnets and blackened and embittered mouths and nostrils. We may have conquered space and dodged disease, but we are not yet clever enough to win the final against Old London's Particular; and it is time we acknowledged it and prepared some effective organisation to cope with what we cannot cure and to keep the wheels of London's transport moving, however slowly. A black-out in London dislocates services in a radius of 50 miles, reducing all within it to the existence of cave-men.

THE OLD STAGER

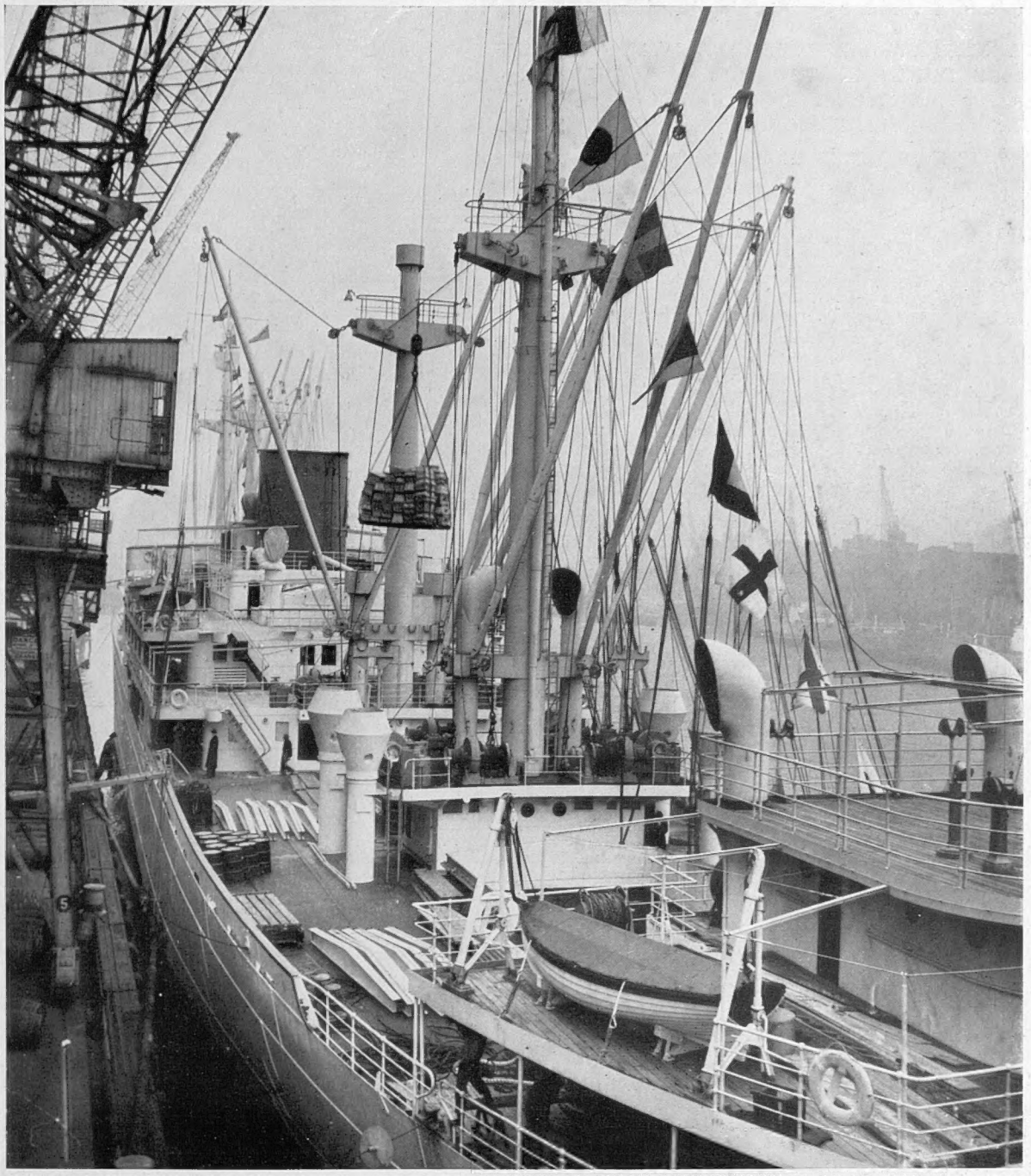
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LIFE IN NEW SARUM

By Dr. HOWARD BRACEY

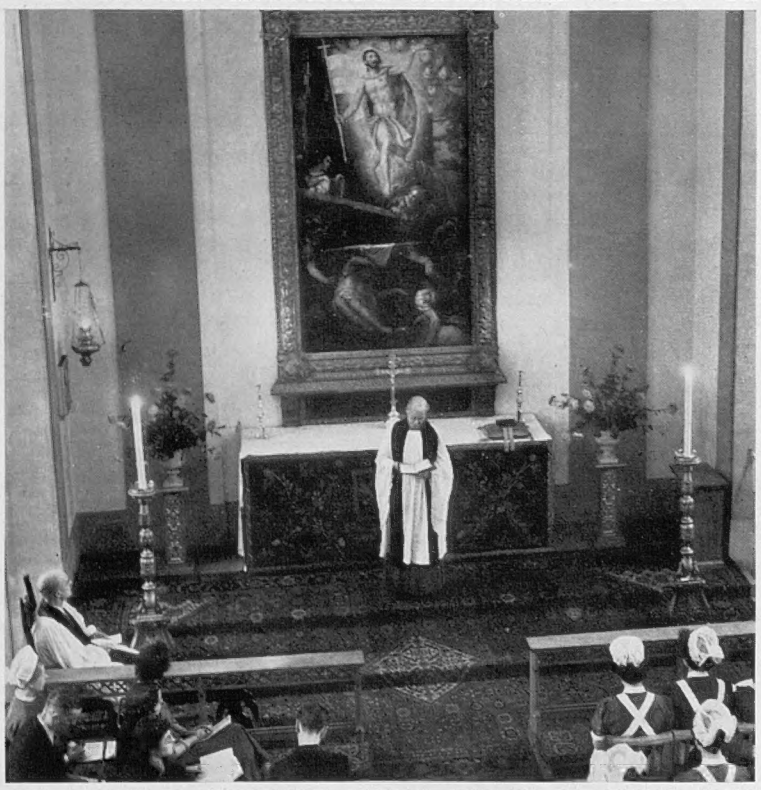
An Account of Everyday Conditions in One of Our Finest Provincial Cities

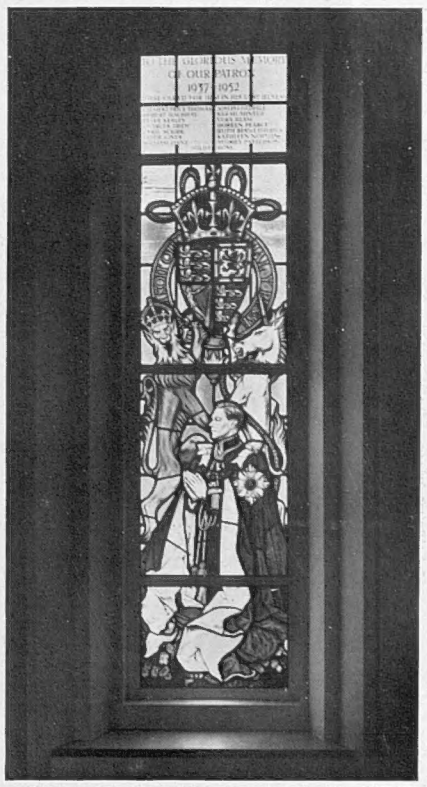
AN EXTRA-LONG CHRISTMAS FOOD SHIP DOCKS IN THE POOL OF LONDON



THE "MONTE URQUIOLA," ONE OF THE LARGEST SHIPS EVER TO SAIL INTO THE POOL OF LONDON, SEEN AFTER SHE HAD ARRIVED WITH A CHRISTMAS CARGO OF 70,000 BOXES OF TOMATOES FROM THE CANARY ISLANDS: The vessel is nearly 500 ft. long, which is 100 ft. longer than the jetty at New Fresh Wharf, where the vessel berthed on arrival. The *Monte Urquiola* could have brought a larger cargo but for the failure of the first tomato harvest in the Canaries. The ship will soon be back in London River with new potatoes and bananas.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL'S MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI





THE CHAPLAIN TO WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL CONDUCTS THE SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL AT WHICH THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER DEDICATED THE GEORGE VI MEMORIAL WINDOW: *Left*—The Rev. C. Hildyard is seen reading the Lesson in front of the altar, while Dr. Don sits on the left inside the Sanctuary. *Right*—The window, designed and made by Hugh Easton, shows the late King kneeling in crimson robes, with his shield of arms and supporters, the lion and unicorn above, and over them the following inscription: "To the glorious memory of our patron, 1937-1952. These cared for him in his last illness: Clement Price Thomas, Robert Machray, Peter Kerley, Charles Drew, Cyril Scurr, Peter Jones, William Jayne, Joseph Humble, Sarah Minter, Vera Ream, Doreen Pearce, Ruth Beswetherick, Kathleen Norman, Audrey Patterson, Hilda Ross." The window was given by a former governor of the hospital, Mr. W. H. Maeer, who together with Lord Nathan, the chairman, and the doctors and nurses whose names are recorded on the window, was present at the dedication service.

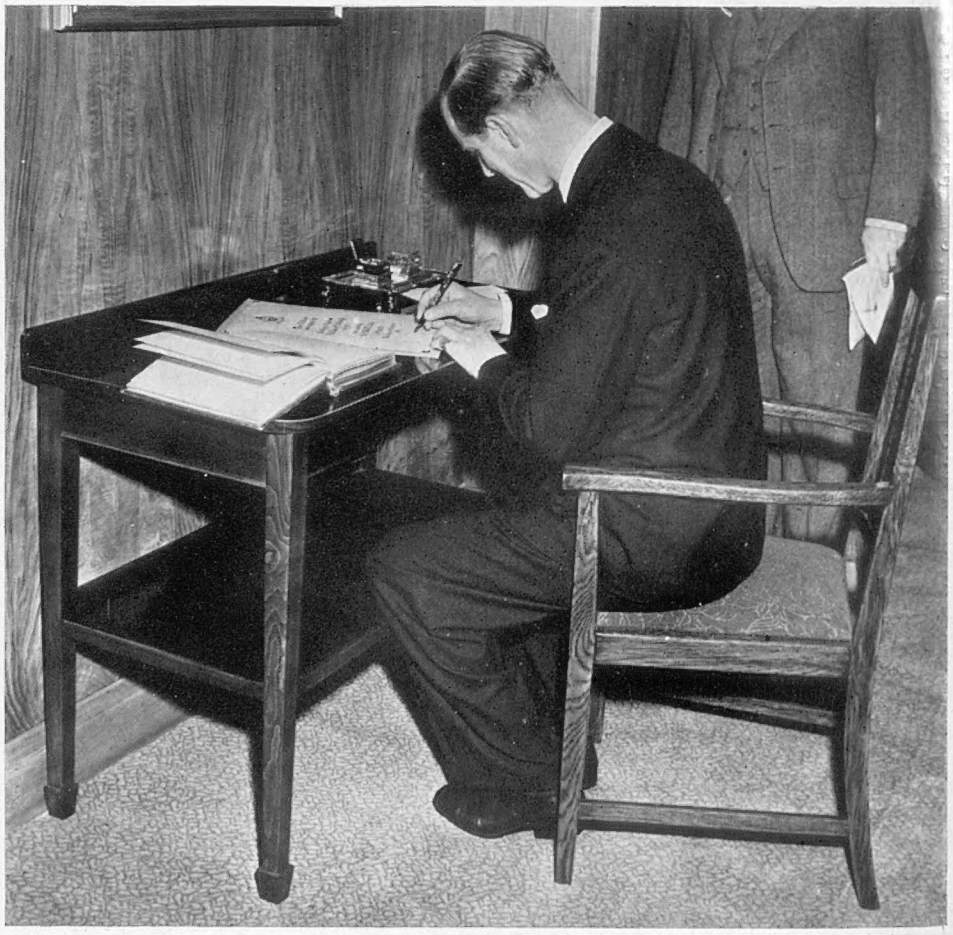
ROYAL OCCASIONS

PRINCESS MARGARET SEES THE CRAZY GANG—QUEEN MARY DRIVES IN THE DECEMBER SUNSHINE—THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER RECEIVES A CHEQUE FROM THE U.S.A.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE N.A.A.F.I.

PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVES THE VICTORIA PALACE AFTER SEEING A PERFORMANCE BY THE CRAZY GANG : Her Royal Highness being escorted from the theatre after participating in a hilarious entertainment. During the evening the Crazy Gang threw the Princess a dummy quarter-bottle of champagne, which she caught neatly. On the following night the Princess went to see the Noël Coward show *Quadrille*, entering the theatre with three companions without even the manager knowing. In fact, going to the theatre is becoming more and more an informal affair for Princess Margaret and her personal friends.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRESIDENT OF THE INVALID KITCHENS OF LONDON, RECEIVES A CHEQUE FROM THE UNITED STATES : Mr. Gilbert Carr, chairman of the London Committee of the British War Relief Society of the U.S.A., hands the cheque to the Duchess during her recent visit to the Islington branch of the Invalid Kitchens of London. The Islington Invalid Kitchen is situated in Essex Road, and does exceptionally good work in this thronged part of North London.

QUEEN MARY, WHO REMAINED INDOORS FROM THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER OWING TO A SEVERE HEAD COLD, DRIVING THROUGH LONDON IN THE DECEMBER SUNSHINE : Her Majesty seen as she neared Marlborough House at the end of her drive. Coronation year will mark the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Mary's marriage to the Duke of York (the future King George V) in the Chapel of St. James's Palace. It was just over fifty years ago that she became Princess of Wales and took up residence at Marlborough House. Queen Mary will be eighty-five on May 26 next year. She will see the Coronation on her television set



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SIGNS THE VISITORS BOOK AFTER OPENING A NEW N.A.A.F.I. CLUB AT LINCOLN : The Duke flew from London Airport to Waddington in a Viking of the Queen's Flight in order to be present at this opening. He told his audience at the opening that the large new clubs which N.A.A.F.I. was providing now were proof of the popularity and success of the original canteen service, because it was with the help of money spent in these canteens by Service men that the new clubs were now being built.

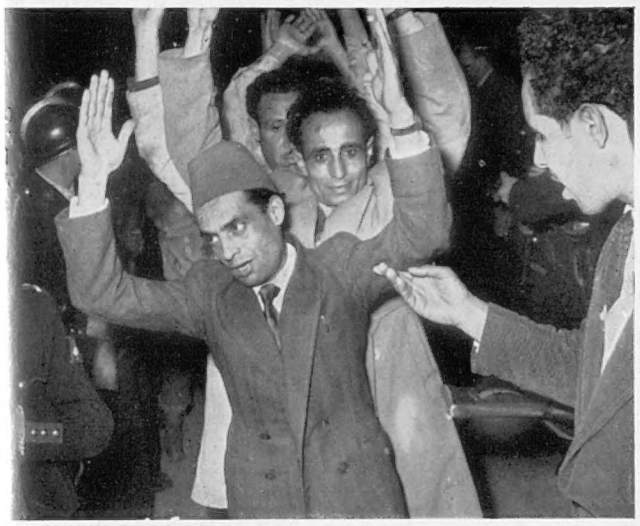
AFTER THE CASABLANCA RIOTS

The Extremist Leaders Arrested by Order of the Resident-General, General Guillaume — a Tense Situation Throughout Morocco

The tension and unrest in Tunisia, so long a dire problem for the French Government, have now spread to Morocco, and the recent Casablanca riots, which broke out in the Carrières Centrales district of the city, brought a total death-roll of fifty-one on one day. The demonstrators killed two Frenchmen, whom they afterwards beheaded, and one of the local police stations was besieged by a crowd which, originally 600 strong, was later swollen to 3,000.

General Guillaume, the French Resident-General in Morocco, took swift action against the demonstrators, and later the entire executives of the Nationalist Istiqlal Party and the Communist Party in Morocco were arrested by the Resident-General's orders. The Istiqlal leaders are being detained in Morocco, but the Communists were at once expelled from the country and arrangements were made to remove them by air. Both the Istiqlal and the Communist Parties have been banned.

An inquiry, opened after the Casablanca riots, has, it is understood, established beyond a doubt the existence of collusion between several extremist parties. Four hundred rioters, who were arrested during the course of the disturbance, but who are not in the leadership of their parties, have been handed over for trial to the Tribunal of the Pasha of Casablanca.



FRENCH MOROCCAN TROOPS ON DUTY IN MERS SULTAN SQUARE, CASABLANCA, AFTER THEY HAD BEEN POSTED IN THE CITY TO PREVENT THE FURTHER SPREAD OF RIOTING : The troops enforced a dusk-to-dawn curfew following a day of anti-French rioting in which fifty-one people were killed, forty-one of them rioters, seven of them European residents, and three Moroccan policemen.

On left—

BRINGING IN A FILE OF ARRESTED MEN : Majoub Ben Seddick, General Secretary of the Moroccan Syndicalist Movement, and some of his colleagues being escorted into a police station.

IN THE WAKE OF THE CASABLANCA RIOTERS : A burnt-out truck with the owner lying dead beside it after being stoned by the mob, which swept into the European quarter of the city bent on destruction.

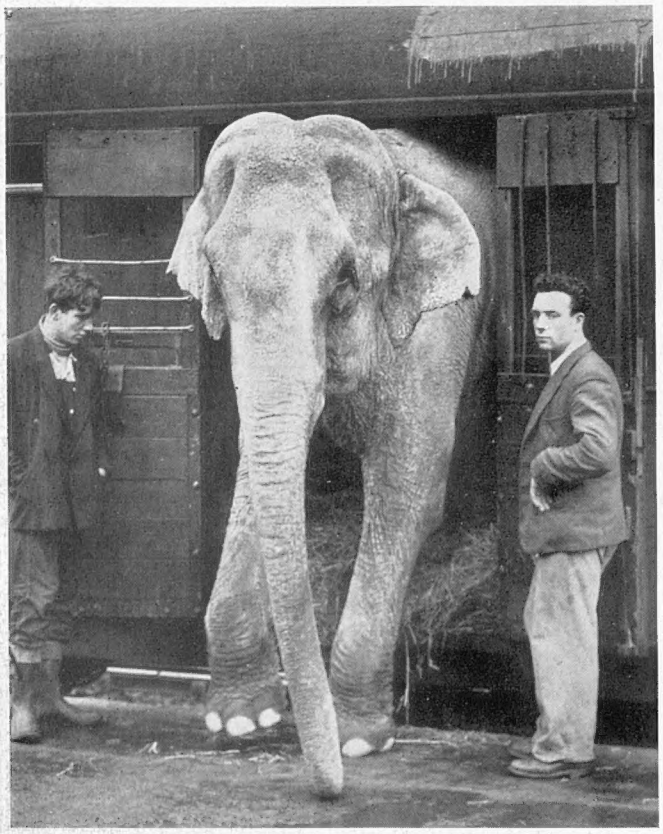
DOING THE CASABLANCA CONGA! Arrested demonstrators squatting with their hands above their heads when awaiting transfer from a sub-police station to the Central Prison in Casablanca. These men are identified as members of Morocco's Trade Union General Labour Conference.

THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL TOURS THE RIOT AREA : General Guillaume listening to a first-hand account of the rioting in Casablanca. Later the General flew to Paris to report.

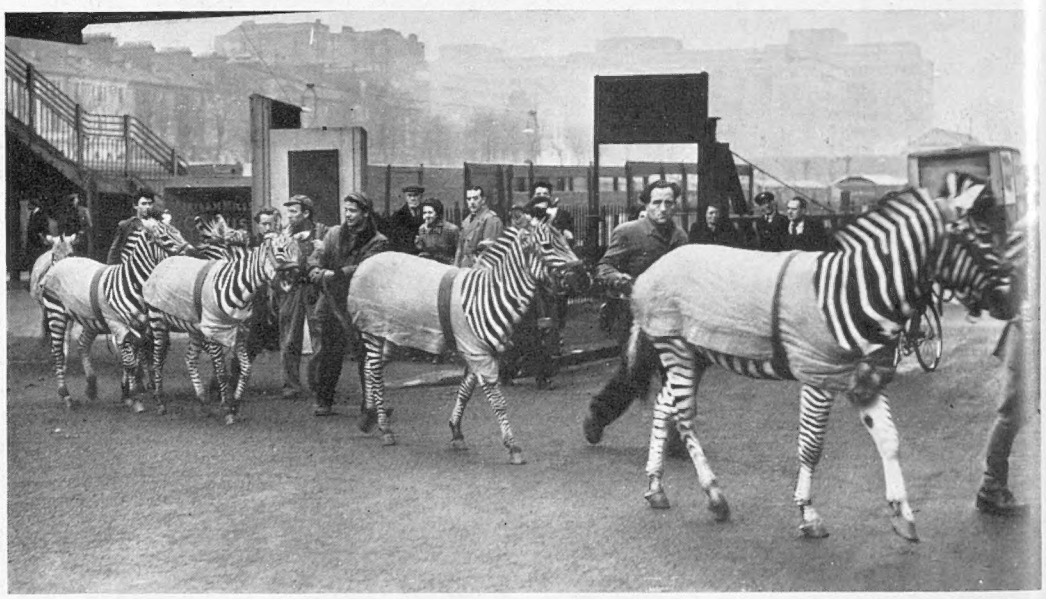
A LINE OF INDIAN ELEPHANTS, HOLDING EACH OTHERS TAILS, LEAVING ADDISON ROAD STATION EN ROUTE FOR BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: Later they had to return to their train while the floor at Olympia, which was found to be too weak to hold them, was reinforced. There are three Circuses in London this year: Bertram Mills is at Olympia, as usual; Tom Arnold's is at Harringay; while Jack Hylton opens his first Circus at Earl's Court. Nobody quite knows how long it is since as many as three Circuses came together in the Metropolis. Circuses have been an integral part of the Christmas scene for nearly 200 years.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

Animal Arrivals at Addison Road Station; a Brave Young Lady with Her Lions

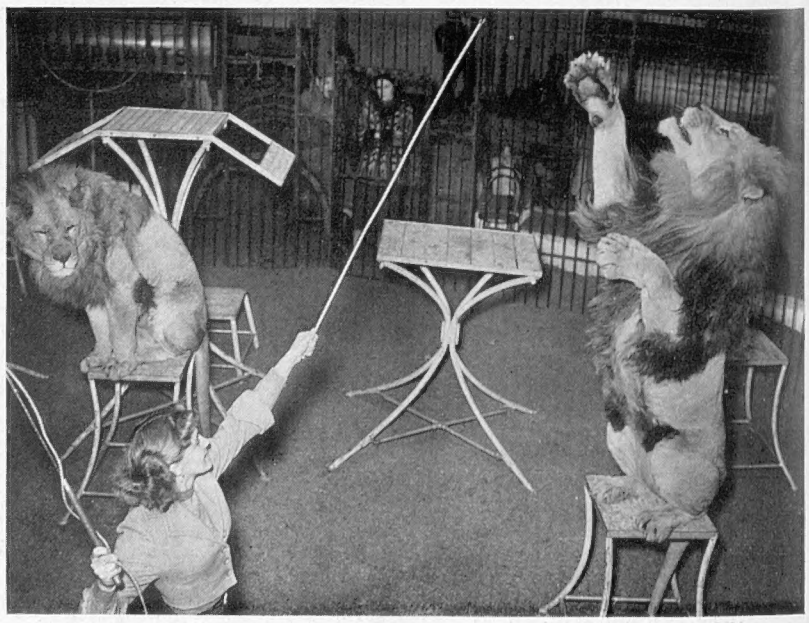


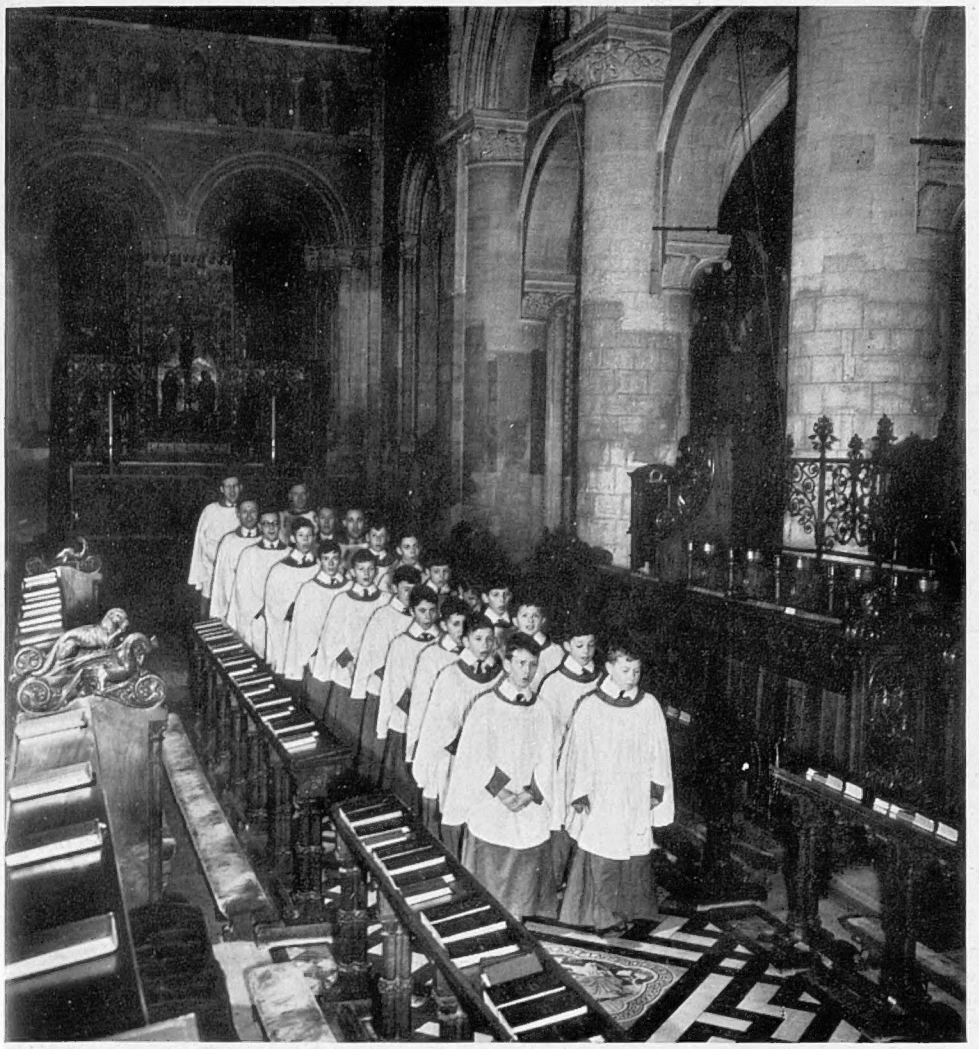
ONE OF BERTRAM MILLS' ELEPHANTS STEPPING LIGHTLY FROM THE TRAIN AT ADDISON ROAD STATION: It was a tight squeeze, but Jumbo just managed it. Four baby elephants are performing at Olympia and six more are in the menagerie.



A ZEBRA CROSSING, OF COURSE! Half-a-dozen striped performers in Bertram Mills Circus leaving the railway station for Olympia. The zebras do a "Liberty" act with six Norwegian horses.

On right—
TWENTY-YEAR-OLD OLGA SMART WITH HER "CATS": With her performing lions she appears in Jack Hylton's Circus at Earl's Court. Mrs. Smart is one of the few women who would attempt such a hazardous profession. In a television programme she was asked what had made her become a lion-tamer and her reply was: "Because I like lions."





CHORISTERS FROM THE "PRINCELY COLLEGE" OF CHRIST CHURCH, CATHEDRAL OF THE DIOCESE OF OXFORD, GO IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHOIR WHEN PRACTISING THEIR CHRISTMAS CAROLS: In the background of the picture is the High Altar situated in the Cathedral's reconstructed east end, the work of Sir George Gilbert Scott.

OXFORD'S CHORISTERS SING THEIR CAROLS

The Choir of Christ Church, Like All Other Choirs Throughout the Country, Make Ready for Christmas

OXFORD'S CHORISTERS PREPARE TO WELCOME THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM: The choirmaster conducts the gentlemen and boys during an Advent-tide practice in readiness for the Festival of Christmas. Christ Church, Oxford, incorporating in its fabric some of the oldest masonry in the country, is one of the smallest of the English cathedrals. Partly Norman in structure, it was formerly the Priory Church of St. Frideswide, whose relics were translated to the present building in 1180. The Lady Chapel, adjoined laterally by the curvilinear Latin Chapel, was added during the thirteenth century. The scenes reproduced in these two pictures are reminiscent of the cathedrals and churches up and down the country where choirs, both large and small, have been practising Christmas music. At King's College, Cambridge, the choir have been rehearsing the carols for the traditional carol service of the nine Lessons to be broadcast on Christmas Eve, while secular choirs have been giving performances of carols at some of the country's biggest halls.

PADDINGTON'S COMMEMORATIVE WINDOW

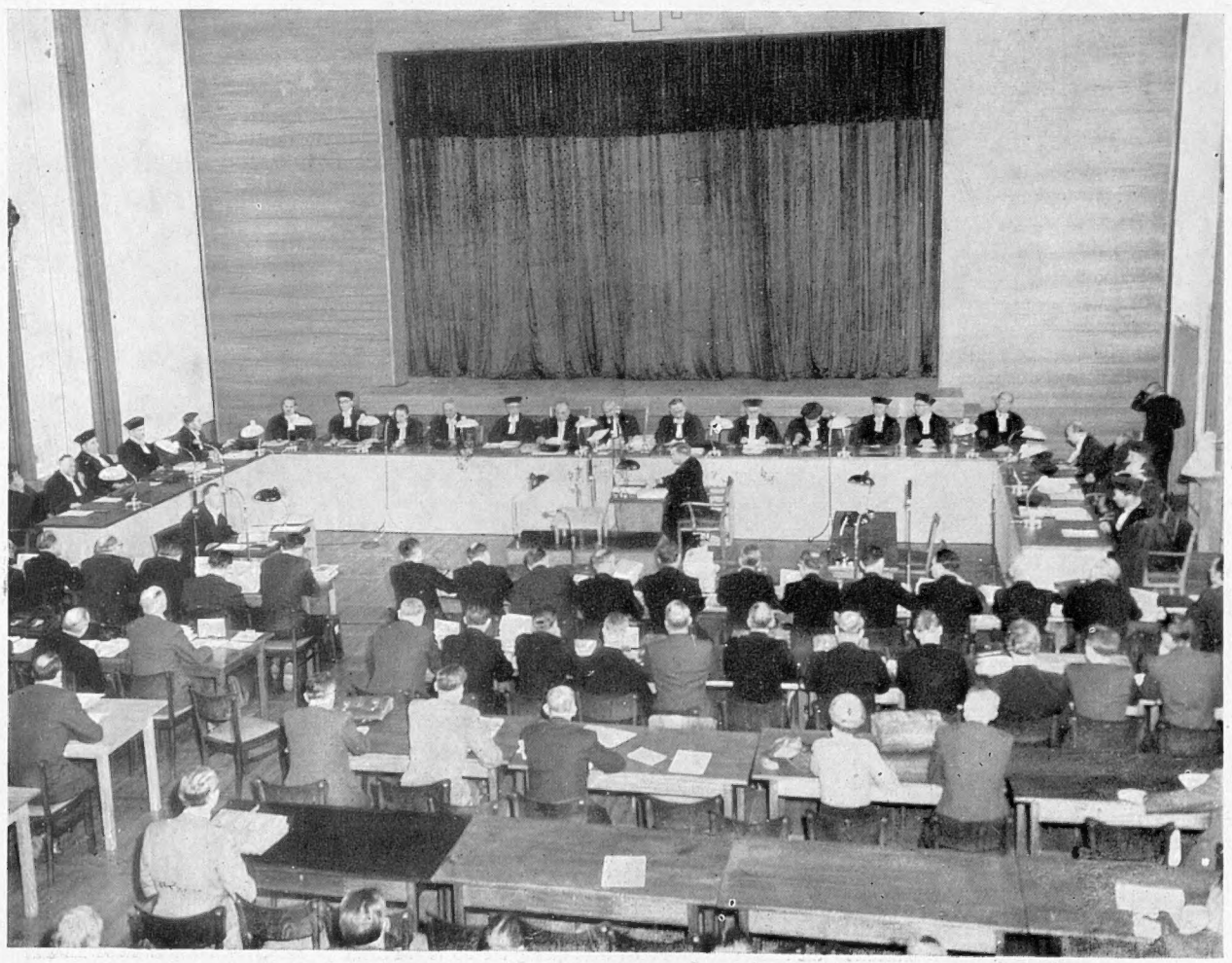
Sir Alexander Fleming is Depicted in the New West Window at St. James's, Sussex Gardens

SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING GOES IN PROCESSION TO ST. JAMES'S, SUSSEX GARDENS, FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE WINDOW COMMEMORATING HIS DISCOVERY OF PENICILLIN: Sir Alexander is preceded by the Mayor of Paddington. *Below*—The Bishop of London dedicates the window which has been erected in the baptistery of the church.

HISTORY IN STAINED GLASS—SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING'S DISCOVERY OF PENICILLIN, TOGETHER WITH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE PARISH OF PADDINGTON, IS COMMEMORATED IN THE NEW WEST WINDOW IN THE BAPTISTERY OF ST. JAMES'S, SUSSEX GARDENS, WEST LONDON: *Inset on right*—A close-up of the scene depicting Sir Alexander Fleming in his laboratory at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington's greatest contribution to the cause of suffering humanity. The subject for the overall theme of the window is the ancient hymn of the church, the "Te Deum." This was suggested by the Vicar, the Rev. George Chapel, to the artist, Mr. Arthur Buss, and supplemented with the idea that Paddington's historical associations should also be included. The framework of the window, made by Goddard and Gibbs, who have been making windows since mid-Victorian times, is over 30 ft. high. Standing out in bold relief from the rest of the design is the Trinitarian conception of the Godhead. The window replaces one destroyed in 1940, and commemorates "the many who gave their lives during the Battle of Britain."

ONE OF THE CLOSING SESSIONS OF THE COMMONWEALTH ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN LONDON—THE DELEGATES GATHERED IN THE HANDSOME CHAMBER IN KING CHARLE STREET, NOW USED BY THE TREASURY: The Conference ended on December 11, with the member-countries agreeing to seek the co-operation of the United Stat and European countries in a plan to make possible the expansion of world production and trade. The plan includes the restoration by progressive stages of t convertibility of sterling when conditions permit. Capital is to be made available for Commonwealth development.

Seated at the table, reading from left to right, are: Mr. Mohamad Ali, Minister of Finance, Pakistan; Fazlur Rahman, Minister for Commerce, Pakistan; Khwaja Nazimuddin, Prime Minister, Pakistan; Mr. A. H. Strachan, Secretary of the Treasury, Southern Rhodesia; Mr. E. C. F. Whitehead, Minister of Finance, Southern Rhodesia; Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister, Southern Rhodesia; Mr. O. C. Morland (U.K. Cabinet Office); Sir Norman Brook, Secretary of the Conference; Mr. Eden; Lord Salisbury; Mr. R. A. Butler; Lord Swinton; Major J. Maynard Sinclair, Minister of Finance, Northern Ireland; Mr. G. H. Adams, Member of Executive Committee, Barbados; Mr. A. Gomes, Minister of Labour, Trinidad; Mr. Oliver Lyttelton; Mr. A. C. Nwapa, Ministry of Commerce, Nigeria; Mr. Senanayake, Prime Minister, Ceylon; Mr. J. R. Jayewardene, Minister of Finance, Ceylon; Mr. E. A. P. Wijeyeratne, Ceyl High Commissioner in London; Mr. B. G. Kher, Indian High Commissioner in London; S Chintaman D. Deshmukh, Minister of Finance, India; Sir B. Rama Rau, Governor, Reserve Ba of India; Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister, Australia; Mr. W. H. Spooner, Minister of Nation Development, Australia; Mr. Norman A. Robertson, Canadian High Commissioner, Londo Mr. St. Laurent, Prime Minister, Canada; Mr. D. C. Abbott, Minister of Finance, Canad Mr. F. W. Doidge, New Zealand High Commissioner, London; Mr. Holland, Prime Ministe New Zealand; Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance, South Africa; Mr. E. H. Louw, Minist of Economic Affairs, South Africa; and Dr. A. L. Geyer, South African High Commissione



PRE-CHRISTMAS CONCLAVES

IN LONDON AND IN KARLSRUHE

The Close of the Commonwealth Conference, the Deliberations of the West German Federal Court

On left—

WEST GERMANY'S FEDERAL CONSTITUTIONAL COURT MEETS AT KARLSRUHE TO DEBATE VITAL ISSUES: The Court is seen in plenary session when it met to consider the powers of the President of the Republic in regard to the ratification of the treaties with the West, treaties on which are dependent the contribution of 500,000 German troops to Western Defence. It soon became apparent that there was a strong conflict of opinion between Bonn and Karlsruhe, and eventually President Heuss withdrew his request to the Court for an advisory opinion on his powers. This left the initiative with Karlsruhe, where it was assumed that the Court would start a series of public hearings of the petition signed by the West German Coalition parties asking for a ruling on the Bundestag's competence to approve the treaties by means of a simple majority.

PARATROOPERS OF THE FRENCH UNION ADVANCE TO THE ATTACK IN A HILL BATTLE ROUND NA-SAM: The Indo-Chinese war mounted to a new crisis in late November as the fighting in the mountainous area between Tongking and the kingdom of Laos became concentrated at Na-Sam. Here, after the fall of Son-La on November 22, between 10,000 and 15,000 French Union troops were opposed by three Communist divisions, and the surrounded troops had to be supplied from the air. A Press censorship ensued.

THE BATTLE FOR NA-SAM *creates a* FRENCH CRISIS

Where Between 10,000 and 15,000 French Union Troops Have Been Facing Three Communist Divisions

The French nation has already lost 1,200 young officers and over 30,000 men in six years' bitter fighting in Indo-China—fighting that has been a constant drain upon its resources, costing at least £2,000,000,000. This tragic war reached a new climax at the end of November and during the first days of December, when the vital northern Indo-Chinese fortress of Na-Sam was threatened on all sides by Communist divisions. The rebels have firmly planted themselves on the mountains round the airstrip of Na-Sam. Behind them lie the blackened ruins of Son-La, held by the French until November 22, and farther back the fort of Nghia-Lo, which fell earlier on in the offensive. This war—France's Korea—started as a small-scale insurrection against French authority, led by a wily, intelligent China-trained Communist, called Ho Chi Minh, supposedly fighting for national independence for the Indo-Chinese. The revolt split the country into two, half the Vietnamese remaining loyal to France, wishing for independence within the French Union; the rest, the Vietminh, are convinced Communists. France has herself little or nothing to gain in Indo-China, but the war goes on and she wages it practically alone.

It is becoming clear that the economic and social burden is too much for France to bear alone, and the battle of Na-Sam has thrown that viewpoint into high relief.

PARATROOPERS SURGE INTO ACTION THROUGH A SMOKE-SCREEN: French Union troops advancing to the assault on a hill-top in the region of the Na-Sam fortress area of Indo-China.

REMINISCENT OF THE WESTERN FRONT IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR: Barbed-wire entanglements on the perimeter of Na-Sam. Rebels have been firmly planted on the mountains round Na-Sam.

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO ASSAULT: Paratroopers about to take part in an offensive on the Na-Sam perimeter. *On right*—Paratroopers watching the barrage fall as the way is prepared for their assault. Mortar bombardments are a feature of current tactics on both sides.

Foreign News in Pictures

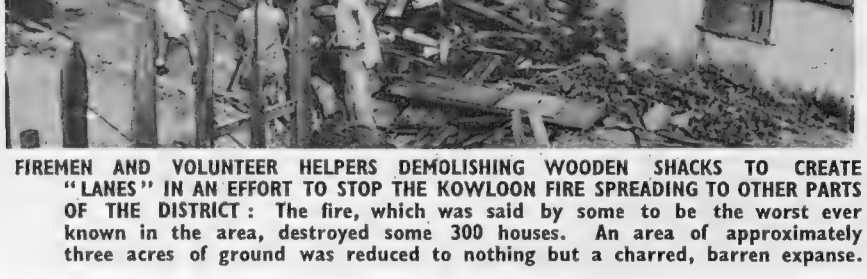
JOMO KENYATTA ON TRIAL

The Funeral of Sister Kenny; Political News from Mexico and Venezuela; a NATO Exhibition in Athens; a Headache for Adenauer

JOMO KENYATTA, THE AFRICAN LEADER, LEAVING COURT IN HANDCUFFS DURING HIS TRIAL ON CHARGES OF MANAGING THE MAU MAU SOCIETY: This picture was taken when Kenyatta (facing the camera) was being taken away during a recess of the court. The trial has been taking place at Kapenguria, Kenya, with Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., leading for the defence. Last week Mr. Pritt created a mild sensation in court when he alleged that his letters were being opened and his telephone conversations listened to. When Mr. Somerhough, the Deputy Public Prosecutor, denied this, Mr. Pritt replied: "If this Colonial Government in this emergency is not opening letters and listening to my telephone conversations, then the whole of my personal political experience is standing on its head, and whoever is responsible for law and order ought to be blamed for not doing so. I do not call it improper." Later Mr. Pritt said that he had not the remotest idea that he was suggesting anything unusual. It might be, he continued, that he had been in so many countries where this was done that it had never occurred to him that the Kenya Government was not taking reasonable precautions. While the trial was in progress armed troops, aided by armoured cars, were on guard outside the courthouse.

THE DEFENCE COUNSEL FOR JOMO KENYATTA AT KAPENGURIA: Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., leading counsel for the defence, is seen with his colleague, Mr. H. O. Davies (right), a Lagos barrister.

THE BEGINNING OF A SERIOUS FIRE NEAR KOWLOON, HONG KONG COLONY: In the foreground villagers can be seen climbing on to the roofs of their huts, anxiously watching the fire draw closer to their dwelling-places. The fire, which started in a wooden hut in a Shek Kip Mei village, was fanned by the wind and soon spread and enveloped a large section of a refugee camp settlement in the area. It has been estimated that some 3,000 people have been left homeless by the fire. One woman was killed.



FIREMEN AND VOLUNTEER HELPERS DEMOLISHING WOODEN SHACKS TO CREATE "LANES" IN AN EFFORT TO STOP THE KOWLOON FIRE SPREADING TO OTHER PARTS OF THE DISTRICT: The fire, which was said by some to be the worst ever known in the area, destroyed some 300 houses. An area of approximately three acres of ground was reduced to nothing but a charred, barren expanse.

THE FUNERAL OF SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY—A PIONEER IN THE TREATMENT OF POLIOMYELITIS: The crowd of mourners standing with heads bowed as the body of Sister Kenny is buried in the shadow of two giant gum trees in the little bush cemetery of Nobby, on the Darling Downs near her home-town of Toowoomba, Queensland.

The story of Sister Kenny is yet another tale of a healing genius striving for recognition by the conventional medical authorities. She died without knowing whether Australia—her home country—would officially accept her methods for the treatment of infantile paralysis, which are still being investigated by the British Medical Association in Australia. Her work has not been in vain, however, for she leaves behind her over forty clinics, all over the world. Her methods now accepted by the medical authorities Europe and in America, where President Roosevelt showed great interest in her work. It from New York that a new drug, Trypsin, flown to Brisbane, and then taken 75 miles car to her bedside, in a vain effort to save life after she had been in a coma for two d She died without regaining consciousness.

GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK DELIVERING THE OPENING SPEECH AT AN OVERSEAS CHINESE CONVENTION IN FORMOSA : The occasion marked the General's first full-dress Press conference since his arrival in Formosa three years ago. In his address he urged all Chinese living overseas to organise a world-wide anti-Communist front and to urge that all relations with Communist China should be severed. Political observers have been wondering whether President-elect General Eisenhower, who recently visited Korea, has any ideas about using Chinese Nationalist troops from Formosa in the Korean war and whether that was what General MacArthur had in mind when he hinted that there was an easy solution to the Korean problem.

THE OLD AND THE NEW—ON THE HILL IN THE BACKGROUND STANDS THE ACROPOLIS AND IN THE FOREGROUND IS A FLAG-DECKED MARQUEE HOUSING AN EXHIBITION BY THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION : This exhibition in Athens was designed to illustrate the combined efforts being made by members of N.A.T.O. in the interests of peace.

ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD GREETS PRESIDENT CORTINES OF MEXICO AS HE ARRIVES FOR HIS INAUGURATION CEREMONY IN MEXICO CITY : The keynote of President Cortines' address to the people of Mexico was his intention to campaign against corruption in Government and business.

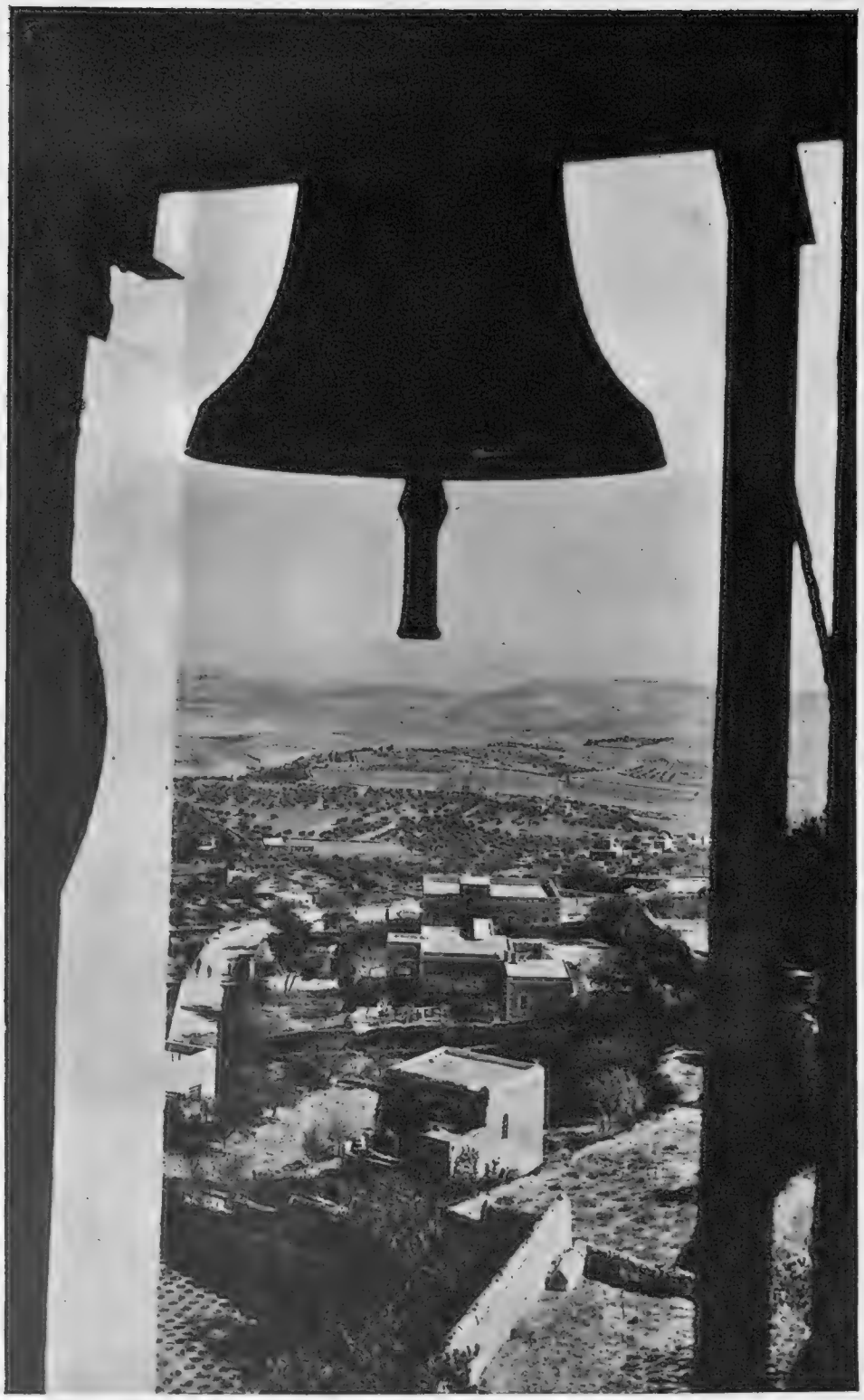
On right—

COLONEL MARCOS PEREZ JIMENEZ PROCLAIMING HIMSELF PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA AFTER AN ELECTION WHICH APPEARED TO BE GOING AGAINST HIM : The first reports to reach the outside world of the elections held in Venezuela recently indicated a distinct swing to the Left in favour of the opposition party. Then censorship obscured happenings in Caracas, the capital city, until it was announced that Colonel Jimenez, a member of the ruling Junta, was provisional President of the country. Colonel Jimenez and his supporters say that although the electoral tide was running strongly against them, things suddenly took a turn for the better and the Government Group had a majority.

On left—

A CHILD LAMA GOES TO TIBET FOR A FIFTEEN-YEAR COURSE OF STUDY : Thirty-six-year-old Kushok Bakula, a lama of Ladakh in Kashmir, is seen with ten-year-old Skaushak Khanpo, a child lama of Trikse Monastery, 12 miles from Leh, in Ladakh, who has been sent to the Drepung religious university at Lhasa. The boy belongs to the Gelugpa order of monks. Before he begins his studies he will have audiences with the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama. Apart from theology, he will be thoroughly tutored in Communism. Very little news has reached the outside world since a treaty with China was signed last year, but it is likely that the Communists are dealing warily with the Tibetans, who have always fiercely resented Chinese interference.

A HEADACHE FOR DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR ; Dr. Adenauer, with his hand to his head, is seen studying documents with a colleague, Theodor Blank, during the three-day Bundestag debate on the Bills approving the new treaties with the Western Powers. The Chancellor said in reply to Herr Ollenhauer, the Socialist Opposition leader, that the United States had promised to supply the newest and best arms to equip Western Germany's projected twelve divisions of 500,000 men. His speech was mostly devoted to countering Opposition thrusts and the debate was overshadowed by the decision of the coalition parties, in agreement with the Government, to defer the third reading to a date in January. In the interval, the Government will seek a Supreme Court ruling on whether the treaties require the approval of the Upper House.



THE BELL WHICH RINGS ROUND THE WORLD FROM THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY IN BETHLEHEM: Looking out across the fields to the hills where the shepherds watched their flocks on the night of Christ's birth, this picture brings to mind the drama of that first day on earth. The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem was erected by the Emperor Constantine in 330 A.D. to commemorate Christ's birth, and every year, notably at Christmas, a constant stream of pilgrims visits the famed town in Judæa.

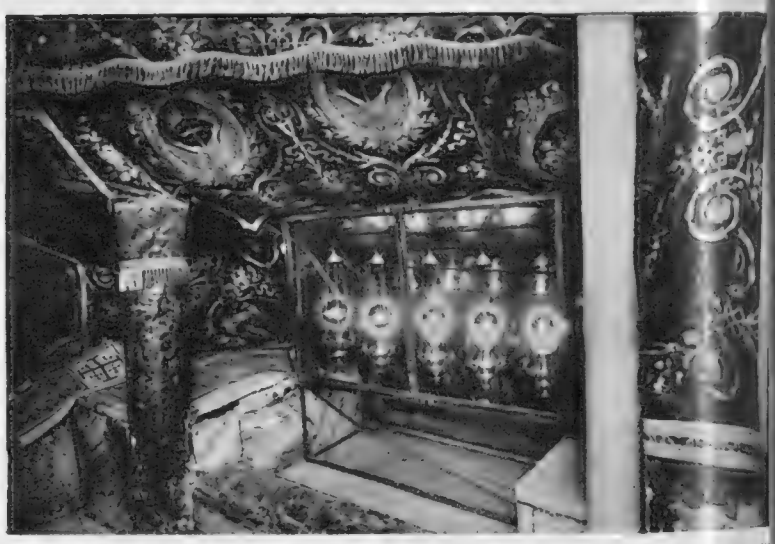
THIS IS THE CELEBRATION OF THE SECOND OF THE THREE CHRISTMASSES IN THE HOLY LAND: The Orthodox Christian procession taking place in Bethlehem on January 6. The Greek Orthodox Church has the most members, so this is perhaps the Christmas of the three that presents the most vivid pageantry and the greatest outward fervour on the part of celebrants.

THE HOLY LAND ENJOYS THREE CHRISTMASSES

All Christian Thoughts Turn to the Holy Land at this Season, Extending from December 25 to the Celebrations of January 19

By STEWART PEROWNE

(Assistant to the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem)



THIS IS THE SPOT TO WHICH PILGRIMS FROM MANY LANDS HAVE COME IN BOTH PEACE AND WAR: The Manger in the Grotto, the scene of the Nativity of Christ in Bethlehem. On the hanging above the Grotto appear the Crossed Arms and Cross, the symbol of the Franciscan "Custody of the Holy Land," which came into being in the fourteenth century.

Five years ago Bethlehem stood in the midst of a land of turmoil, with Jew and Arab facing a crisis of appalling magnitude. To-day that crisis is seemingly past and gunfire no longer echoes in the hills near the Bethlehem shrine commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ or round the walls of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. In the following article Mr. Stewart Perowne, writing from Jerusalem, tells the story of the Holy Land at this climax of the lay year and this starting-point of the Christian year.

CHRISTMAS makes every Christian home a shrine. And Christmas turns the thoughts and prayers at every shrine in Christendom back to the first Christian home, to Bethlehem. Throughout the world the symbolism of the Manger, the melody of hymn and carol, the exchange of gifts, amid other observances such as the Christmas-tree and Santa Claus which the Church has hallowed, will recall the birth of Christ in the City of David. What vision of that city do these thoughts present? What is Bethlehem like in this year of our Lord, from without and from within? Is this holy Festival still celebrated there? How and by whom? In a sense, every Christian has his own Bethlehem, an ideal City which is not of this world, the fabric perhaps of Handel's "Messiah," or of some childhood picture or of some cherished hymn. Many, nevertheless, year by year, enjoy the privilege of worshipping in Bethlehem itself, and in the church which has for so many centuries enshrined the birthplace of Christ.

December gives to the Holy Land a crystalline beauty in which its tawny earth and grey-white rocks seem to rejoice. It is of these rocks that, five miles to the south of Jerusalem, the town of Bethlehem has been built. It looks most beautiful from just that point at which Our Lady and St. Joseph must first have seen it as they journeyed from Nazareth. There it lies, a bigger city now than then, its towers, domes and spires shining in the winter sun. It is the crown of the hills of Judæa, which slope away from it on each side; and it is set in a girdle of olive-trees, their foliage counter-changing green and silver in the western breeze. The city lies south-east of us, and beyond it earth itself seems to disintegrate into the Wilderness of Judæa, burnt and wrinkled, ending in the desolation of the Dead Sea. In the middle distance rises the sinister cone of Herod's palace-tomb; in the background, on the other side of the Jordan, the long exalted line of the Mountains of Moab. Bethlehem stands 2,500 ft. above the level of the Mediterranean; the surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 ft. below it. The contrast between the living and the dead, between the warm human city and the wild desolation beyond it, turns the thoughts of those who approach Bethlehem to the paradox of peace in conflict, of which it is the eternal symbol.

The Church of the Nativity stands on a promontory at the north end of the city. It is one of the oldest churches in the world, and it is a church that has a particular and personal interest for Britons. It was founded by Constantine's British mother, the Empress Helena, when she visited Palestine in the year 325. It was an English Bishop, Raoul, who in 1169, when the Crusaders were in possession of Bethlehem, arranged for the embellishment of the church with the glorious blue and gold mosaics of which the relics still delight us. In 1247, during the visit to London of a Bishop of Bethlehem, who had been sent by the Pope to England and Scotland to collect money for the Church of the Nativity, the Bethlehem Hospital was founded in Bishopsgate Street, as a permanent memorial of British affection for it. In 1480, the English King Edward IV sent a supply of lead to repair the roof of the church. In 1799 Bethlehem became the first town of the Holy Land since Crusading days to be entered by British forces: Sir Sidney Smith, on his way to Acre, sent a detachment of Marines to protect the Christians of Bethlehem. In 1917 General Allenby's troops came to Bethlehem. Among the first of them was a group of Australians. On sighting the city, they stood silent for a moment in wonder, and then broke spontaneously into the singing of "O Come, all ye Faithful." And it was British archæologists who, during the mandatory period which ended in 1948, conducted the excavations which enabled them to reveal much that was previously unknown of the history and beauty of the church. A piece of timber from the roof of the church now forms the pectoral cross of the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem.

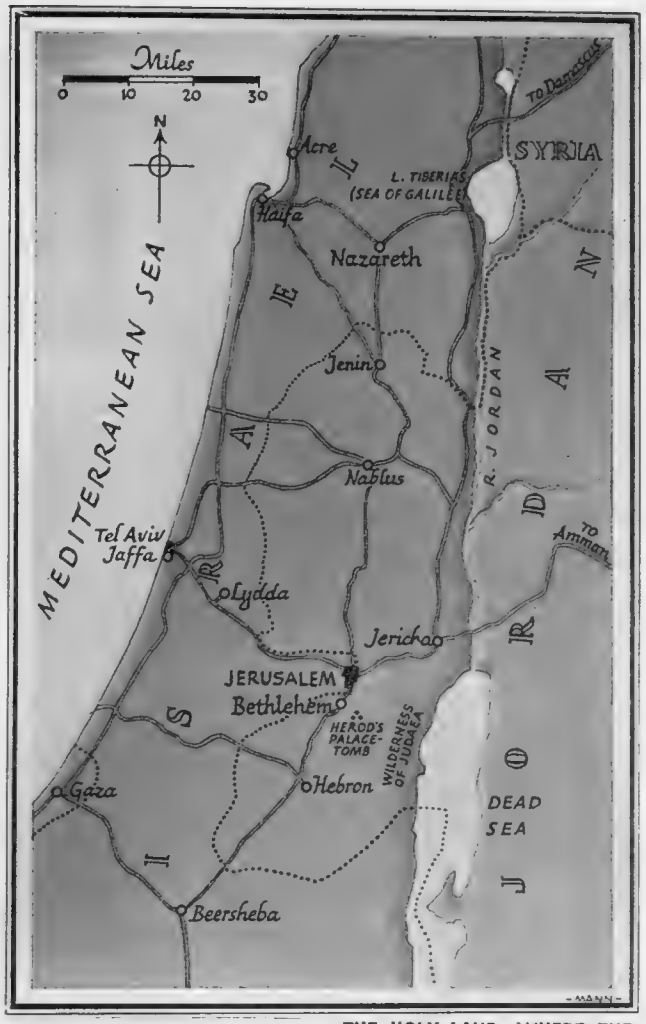
In its present aspect, the building, from outside, gives little indication of its nature or even of its purpose. A great, amber-coloured, L-shaped mass of masonry, it lies on two sides of a paved parvis or courtyard, 100 ft. wide and 35 ft. longer, with the stem of the L on the right-hand side. Its stout, heavily buttressed, almost windowless walls protect and conceal the Armenian Convent, beyond which on the same, southern, side of the church is the Greek Convent. On the north is the Latin Convent. In between, almost in the angle of the two walls, is a little door, so small that we must bend down to enter it. This brings us to the vestibule of the basilica. From this another wooden door, beautifully carved and given in 1227 by the last King of Armenia, brings us to the basilica itself.

INSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY—THE APSE LIT UP BY SHAFTS OF LIGHT : This picture gives some idea of the grandeur of the interior of the church and of the vast number of hanging lamps, candles and paintings.

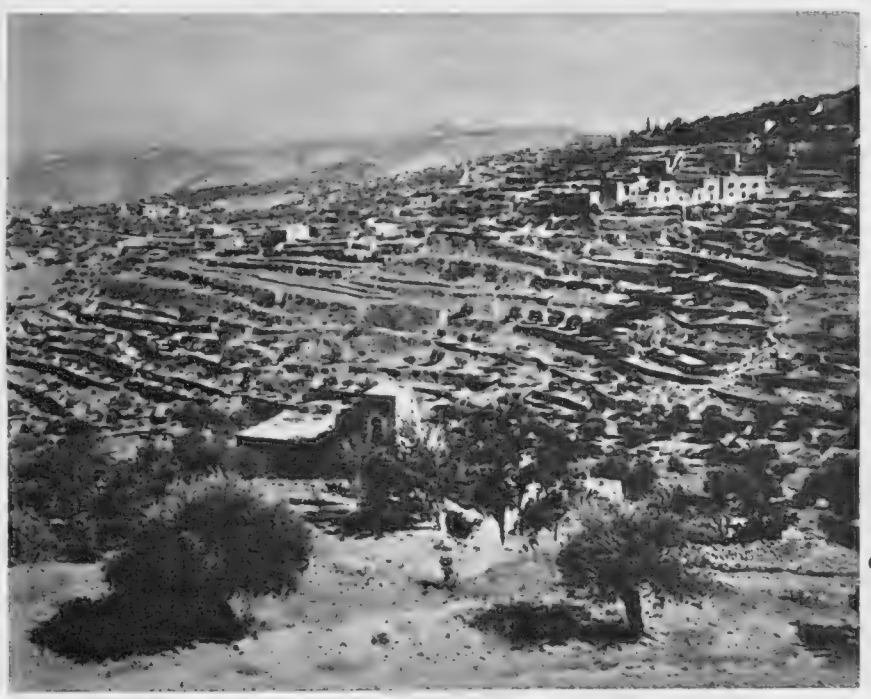
Space and grace are our first two impressions. We are standing in a great rectangular chamber, 100 ft. long and 70 ft. wide ; but it seems much wider, for the central space is flanked by double rows of pillars, which give a deep perspective to the aisles. There are twelve in each row, and each is a monolith 20 ft. high, surmounted by a Corinthian capital. They are hewn from soft rose-coloured stone of the country. To stand among them is like being in a glade at sunset. These pillars have stood there since the year 531. No other church, no other building in Palestine, has so successfully withstood the ravages of wars, tumults and earthquakes. Of Constantine's church nothing remains above ground, though portions of its lovely mosaic floor may now be seen below the flags of the existing nave. The original building was overthrown by some unrecorded catastrophe. It was Justinian who on this site built the church we now see ; and it had a marvellous escape early in its history. In the year 614 the Persians overran Palestine and destroyed every church they found, including the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. But Bethlehem they spared. As they approached the church they saw over the western portico a mosaic representing the "Visit of the Magi." The Three Kings were arrayed in Persian clothes, and so the Persians forbore to lay hands on the church. The mosaic has perished long since, but the church still stands, thanks to that beneficent exhibition of Persian national pride. In the 1421 years of its life the basilica has seen many vicissitudes. It has fallen into decay and been restored ; it has been subject to Byzantines, Arabs, Crusaders and Turks ; it has been the object of bitter rivalry between different Christian communities. It bears the marks of much tribulation. And yet, somehow, there is about it an atmosphere of serenity and love that is captivating. As we examine the forest of pillars more closely, we see that on each one there are traces of painted figures. These were placed there about the year 1130 by the Crusaders. They represent the saints not only of the West, but of the East as well, and form a charming sort of angelic League of Nations. Thus, St. George has St. Euthymius on his right and St. Leonard on his left ; St. Canute, King of the Danes, and St. Olaf of Norway stand between St. Stephen, the first martyr, and St. Vincent of Saragossa. The lower parts of the columns are inscribed with names and prayers, many in Arabic, some in charcoal or paint in the large Gothic characters of the fourteenth century, and some are accompanied by heraldic devices. On one pillar there is a touching representation of a palmer, or pilgrim, with his staff and scrip, and a cockle-shell in his hat.

This grand nave terminates in a beautifully carved and gilded Iconostasis, or screen, behind which is the altar. The crossing is raised in the central aisle some 3 ft., to form the roof of the Grotto of the Nativity. This is approached by a staircase on either side. The columns of the two entrances are scored with crosses, each one the grateful mark of some medieval pilgrim. What perils and dangers, by land and water, what prayers and supplications, these little crosses represent. Of how many different lives and lands are they the silent witness and epitome. Within we find the Cave of the Nativity itself. It was described by a Bishop from Gaul, Arculf, in the seventh century, as "a sort of natural half-cavern, the innermost part of which is the Manger of the Lord. . . . Another place close to the said Manger, but nearer as you enter, is said to have been the actual spot of the Lord's Nativity. The whole of this cave of the Manger of the Lord at Bethlehem has been adorned with precious marble." It still looks like that, by the light of the gold and silver lamps that illuminate the little, low cave—it is only 42 ft. long and 12 ft. wide. At the western end of the grotto a door leads to another series of caves, most of which lie under the Latin Convent. Among these are the Chapel and Tomb of St. Jerome. Here the great doctor and saint died in the year 420 at the age of eighty-eight. The times he lived in were not unlike our own ; but forsaking all the transient material problems of the hour, he retired to Bethlehem and made the translation of the Bible into Latin, called the Vulgate, which is still the official text of the Roman Catholic Church.

Such is the setting, magnificent yet homely, of the Shrine of the Birth of Jesus Christ, such the focus, the very hearth and heart of the Faith, to which the thoughts and prayers of Christians will turn at Christmas. For those who live in Jerusalem the actual celebration of the Feast began early in December when, in accordance with good English tradition, Handel's "Messiah" was sung in the Anglican Cathedral of St. George. The choir was composed of English, Americans, Arabs, Armenians ; of United Nations officials, diplomatists, merchants, schoolmasters, missionaries and nurses. It was drawn from Jerusalem, Amman and Damascus. Its organist was an Arab, and its conductor, too. Not as many heard it as might have wished, because Jerusalem is still cut in two by the truce line. On one side is the State of Jordan, on the other that of Israel, and only consular and U.N.O. officials can go freely from one side to the other. St. George's lies on the Jordan side of the line. This truce line also interrupts the old road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem ; but a new one, not many miles longer, will have been built by Christmas Eve. Bethlehem itself lies entirely within the territory of Jordan. It is thus once again under the jurisdiction of a Muslim government. That is nothing new. Of the 1627 years which have passed since St. Helena's visit only 442 in all have seen others than Muslims in possession of Bethlehem. To-day, all Christian communities enjoy complete freedom of worship and equal citizenship under the Government of King Hussein. Pilgrims and visitors from abroad can be sure of cordiality and courtesy from officials and citizens alike.



THE HOLY LAND, WHERE THE THOUGHTS OF ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE TURN IN THESE LAST FEW DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS : This sketch map shows the relationship of Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Nazareth lies in the far north. The Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem has a unique position in being, in theory and practice, a Bishopric representing not the Church of England only, but the whole Anglican Communion in the Mother City of the Christian Faith, where all other branches of the Catholic Church are represented. The Anglican Bishop is assisted in his work by the Jerusalem and the East Mission which, with its headquarters in London, provides staff and funds to further the cause of Christianity in a land composed of so many races.



On left—**THE SLOPES LEADING UP TO BETHLEHEM :** This picture, taken from the Jerusalem to Bethlehem road, shows the route leading up to the celebrated town, on the right.

Palestine celebrates not one Christmas, but three. On December 25 the Western Churches—Roman Catholic, Anglican and Lutheran—will keep the Feast ; but the Eastern Churches, Greek Orthodox, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian, still observe the old-style calendar, so for them Christmas falls on January 7. The third Christmas is that of the Armenian Church, which is Eastern, and observes Christmas and Epiphany on the same day—January 19, new style. But it is the two former days that are for Bethlehem real popular national feasts of Christmas, as we understand Christmas. The festal services will begin on Christmas Eve, the 24th. On that evening a waxing moon will be casting hyacinthine shadows over the gaunt, swirling countryside, and across the narrow lanes and streets of Bethlehem. Away in the traditional Shepherds' Fields, a few miles to the east of the town, there will be carol-singing under the care of the Y.M.C.A. Later, the Anglicans will sing carols in the courtyard of the Greek Convent, whither the Orthodox Church welcomes them. The climax will come when the Latin Patriarch celebrates Midnight Mass in the Church of the Latin Convent. It will be attended by many dignitaries of many States. During the office a procession will visit the Grotto. At midnight the great star over the altar of the Latin Church will blaze out and all their bells will be rung. In the majestic intimacy of the Roman rite, its imagery and discipline, the Birth of Christ will be proclaimed anew. The Latins are comparatively few in the land, though in zeal and devotion they compensate for their smaller numbers.

It is the Greek Orthodox Church which has the most members, and so it is Janaury 6 that brings to the basilica the most actual, vibrant feeling of Christmas. All day on the eve the people have been gathering, from Jerusalem and beyond, and from the villages round about. They have come far and on foot, and they are tired. The church is their home, and they are at home there. All over the nave you will see family groups sitting on the ground, naturally and unself-consciously, gathered round the pillars, talking and exchanging family news. It is a very beautiful sight, which recalls sometimes the Holy Families of Italian Masters, sometimes the humble homes of Morland. Above them the great chandeliers have been lighted, and in their twinkling light glitter the remnants of Bishop Raoul's mosaics. At last comes the procession, with the Patriarch and the archbishops and bishops and priests in front, and behind them all those who care to join. We carry candles. Round the great church we go, the shadows flickering as we weave between the pillars. Finally, among the strong, throaty chanting and the clink of the censers, we descend into the Grotto, where all day faithful worshippers have gathered to bow before the Manger and to kiss the silver star on the floor of the Cave. Here the Christmas story (St. Luke ii, 1-20) is chanted in Greek and Arabic. Then from the other entrance we find our way slowly, still singing, into the upper church, where the Liturgy is celebrated. As it ends the bells clang once again and hearts are happy, and once again the worshippers return back to their homes through the sapphire night, giving thanks, as myriads have done before them, that "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

WORKING SOLOMON'S COPPER MINES

And Other News Pictures from the Middle Eastern World

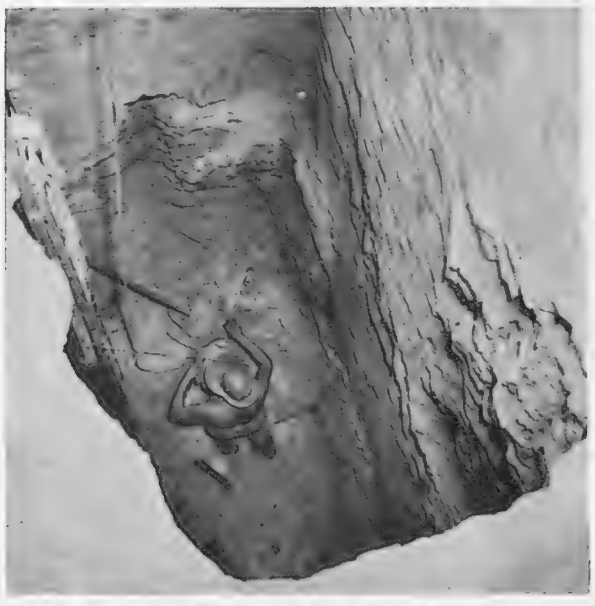
The metallic element copper, still among the most widely used and important metals in industry, is one of the first metals to have been extracted and utilised by man, and it is believed, indeed, that it was first worked in the region of the Tigris and Euphrates as early as 6000 B.C. It is known that copper was worked in ancient times in the region of the Gulf of Akaba; and at Elath, in the far south of the new State of Israel, an Israeli company is now working the deposits, traditionally known as King Solomon's Copper Mines, with the aid of Belgian experts, the Belgians providing an overall planning programme and technical advice.

The ore, found mostly on the surface, contains a high degree of copper, and the company intends building up-to-date melting ovens near Elath to extract the metal at the mines in order to save costly and difficult transport. Because of climatic conditions, work commences at 5 a.m. and ends at one hour after mid-day. A camp for 300 mine-workers has been built near Elath and the company provides transport to and from the mines.

WORK IN PROGRESS IN THE HISTORIC AREA OF KING SOLOMON'S COPPER MINES ABOUT EIGHTEEN MILES NORTH OF ELATH, NEAR THE GULF OF AKABA, IN ISRAEL'S MOST SOUTHERLY SETTLEMENT: Here in this desolate region Israel Mining Industries, Ltd., are exploiting the rich deposits in company with a Belgian concern. The ore, found mostly on the surface, contains a very high percentage of copper.

A WATCHMAN ON THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE OPEN-CAST WORKINGS NEAR ELATH: In search of the rich veins of copper, galleries have also been drilled into the hillside looming up on the left. The company intends installing up-to-date equipment in the near future.

ERECTING A SETTLEMENT FOR THE MINE-WORKERS: Foundations are seen being laid, and in the background are completed bungalows. There will be accommodation for 300. The bungalows are insulated against extremes of heat and cold.



THE HEAT IS SO INTENSE IN THE REGION OF THE GULF OF AKABA THAT WORK IN THE COPPER MINES BEGINS AT 5 A.M. AND CLOSES AN HOUR AFTER MID-DAY: *Left*—A miner inside a shaft prepares an explosive charge and connects it up to the cable. After doing this he will climb the ladder to safety. *Right*—The ore is loaded into skips which are towed from the mine area by an endless rope. Eventually Israel Mining Industries are to install plant and treat ore on the spot.

PRESIDENT BEN-ZVI, THE NEW LEADER OF ISRAEL AND THE SUCCESSOR OF DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN, WHOSE DEATH LAST MONTH ROBBED THE NATION OF ITS FIRST PRESIDENT: President Ben-Zvi has served the Zionist cause faithfully, but he has not held Cabinet rank in any of the Governments successively formed by Mr. Ben-Gurion. Mr. Ben-Zvi, who is approaching seventy, was born at Poltava, Russia, and was educated at a Hebrew secondary school. He settled in Palestine in 1907 and was one of the founders of the General Federation of Jewish Labour.

THE SHAH AND HIS EMPRESS RETURN FROM THEIR VISIT TO THE OIL TOWNS OF PERSIA: *Left*—Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and the Empress Soraya walking up the steps at Teheran railway station after arriving in the capital from a week's visit to Khuzistan Province, including calls at the oil towns of Abadan and Masjid-i-Sulaiman. Three Ministers accompanied them on this first Royal visit to the oil installations since they were nationalised in 1951. *Right*—Princess Pari Sima Zand, wife of one of the Shah's brothers, Prince Abdoreza Pahlavi, Princess Homa Aalam, wife of Prince Gholam Reza Pahlavi, another brother of the Shah, and Madame Foroogh Zafar Bakhtiar, Lady-in-Waiting, seen with the Empress (on right of group) as they welcomed her back to Teheran after her tour in company with the Shah of Persia.

KING IDRIS EL SENUSSI, FIRST KING OF LIBYA, PAYS A STATE VISIT TO EGYPT AS THE GUEST OF GENERAL NEGUIB'S GOVERNMENT: The King at a State luncheon at the Abdin Palace. His nephew, Prince Ibrahim Senussi, is seated on the extreme left. On the extreme right is Major-General Abdalla Negumi, Master of Ceremonies at the Palace. *Inset on left*—King Idris welcomed by General Neguib at Cairo station.

During his three-day stay in Cairo as the guest of the Egyptian Government, King Idris of Libya had a series of talks with General Neguib and with members of his Administration on relations between Libya and Egypt. The question of Libya joining the Arab League has been decided, and a Libyan delegation will go to the Arab League Council meeting next March. King Idris was accompanied on his Cairo visit by his Prime Minister, Sayed Mohamoud Montassir, and also by the Chief of the Libyan Royal Cabinet, Sayed Omar Sheneib. The meeting has caused a great improvement in relations between these North African Powers. King Idris rules over a land divided by wide areas of desert, straggling indeed across 1,100,000 square miles between Egypt and Tunis, and reaching deep into the Sahara. There, 1,150,000 poor and illiterate North Africans, in company with 40,000 Italian settlers, are trying to live together in harmony.

A FREAK VESSEL AND HER MISSION

A Visit to "La Calypso"—a Vessel Destined to Make Oceanographic History—and Her Leading Savant, the Remarkable Fréderic Dumas

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ON arrival at Marseilles I headed for the Old Port, where I had heard she was moored at the busy Quai des Belges, whence tourists leave for the Château d'If. She—*la Calypso*—a freak vessel destined to make oceanographic history, had occupied my thoughts for some days after I had heard that an old friend, Fréderic Dumas, was her leading savant.

There was no sign of her. A moment's dismay—had she already left on her world scientific cruise? Then enquiry brought a casual: "Sailed out this morning at eight. Keeps coming and going. Doing something off Maire Island in the Bay."

That same evening I was to learn what "something" amounted to: a stop-gap job between exploring the Red Sea under water and taking an international mission to exotic corners of the seven seas, yet quite a business all the same.

. . . Professor Dumas, now forty-one and apparently as perfect a marine athlete as ever, evolved a reasoned method of fixing the position of ship cemeteries in the Mediterranean, dating back hundreds, even thousands, of years.

The vessels used to hug the coast. Those from Greece and Roman ports needed a wind blowing from the east. If they ran on rocks, their remains would therefore be found on the eastern extremities of these submerged piles.

Reasoning which has led Dumas to several successes, including Maire Island, where he swam down solo to 140 ft. and came upon the faint outline of a wreck lying pretty—that is to say, in the best lodgement for exploration, sitting straight up on the rocks at the depth where movement of current is usually slightest.

This vessel had lain there for 2,150 years. She was burst in pieces and submerged under sand. Dumas did not particularly want examples of her pottery cargo since museums have so much. He did want to study how a boat was built 200 years B.C., and how the Greek seamen lived. But first he had to clear the decks, and that was when he put his proposition to the *Calypso's* Commander, Jacques-Yves Cousteau. For he needed *la suceuse*.

This sucking instrument is among the *Calypso's* proudest innovations. It just has to be run over the deck from which it sucks up all the sandy and other deposits and ejects them high in the air. They are then caught in big sieve-like nets, for examination. And the work goes on merrily down below. Merrily? Well, according to plan, because it 's cold 140 ft. down, even when wearing a foam rubber diving dress to insulate the body.

Divers, or, rather, fish-men, can't stay down this depth for more than fifteen minutes, breathing their compressed air and pushing themselves about with their duck's "feet," and so one man relieves another every quarter-of-an-hour throughout the eight-hour working day. He dives deep down off a special platform, which is one of the *Calypso's* novelties. Most of the crew of eleven are proficient, but off Maire Island young volunteers from along the coast have deputised for the older hands. However, despite his forty-odd years, Dumas remains the most adept. In favourable conditions he can dive and flap himself down to a depth of 60 ft. at one "go."

Unfortunately he was up in Paris when I made myself known outside the *Calypso's* wardroom. The rest were taking their evening meal in the little cabin amidships, Commander Cousteau at the head of the table—a thin, almost emaciated, fair-haired man in the late forties. Round the walls were scientific books and charts and their invariable accompaniment: thrillers and caricatures.

I had climbed on board behind a young woman carrying a bouquet for one of the crew and there was plenty of opportunity to kick around the vacated deck while the meal went on. The ship is only 300 tons, measuring 140 ft. by 21 ft.—a former American minesweeper made over to the British and picked up as surplus war stock by Commander Cousteau, at Valetta, for £22,000. Britain also had a hand later, at Antibes, when bills had to be met last autumn for some of the extraordinary things done to the vessel.

The *Calypso* represents the gradual realisation of a dream which may be said to have started in 1942, when Lieutenant Cousteau took a first version of his underwater breathing apparatus up to Paris for exhibition. Several years before then, in the happy '30's, a youthful Dumas spent much of his time in a seashore cave at Sanary, near Toulon, when he wasn't scouring or diving for marine specimens. That was when I knew him—a perfect physical type for executing his life's love of pioneering under water.

The two decided to collaborate from 1945 and there followed voyages to North African waters in the naval supply ship *Elie Monnier*, part of which Dumas was to turn into the first floating laboratory. His first big success was in filming a galleon sunk 150 ft. down in Carthage Bay. This drew attention to the efficacy of the compressed-air-cum-frogman diving technique with which the old-time diver is now definitely challenged for certain types of work.

Dumas has all along seen his purpose as a mixture of collecting specimens and relics, photographing and filming in colour natural submarine states that have never been examined before, and making personal studies of them from as close as may be. He says it is all very well dragging specimens and deposits, sea flora and fauna, to the surface, but that they are then no longer in their natural state.

All except the colour film has now been done, the trouble here being the size of the apparatus that would have to be taken down and operated. It is difficult enough, getting the colour cameras for stills working 150 ft. deep.

However, several years were to elapse before Cousteau and Dumas got as far as this. Previously, the former achieved a ringing success with his "aqualung," the name given to the compressed air, underwater breathing apparatus now in growing use in naval and amphibious circles.

THE FRENCH RESEARCH SHIP "CALYPSO" IN PORT AT MARSEILLES: The extraordinary equipment of this vessel, and the hardly less-extraordinary personnel, are discussed by Ferdinand Tuohy in his article.

The great step forward with the aqualung is that it keeps the pressure equalised as the breather descends. Also it weighs only 3 lb. under water (30 lb. above water). And three cylinders of compressed air carried on the back will last an hour, dependent on the operating depth.

Success with this gadget, the publicity earned at Carthage, and the interest of the French Navy enabled the two enthusiasts to scrape together enough money to snap up the old minesweeper at Malta, and she was at once taken across to Antibes, where strange things were set in train in the summer of 1951.

Practically everything was ripped out of the hull. She was fitted with two Diesel engines of 500 h.p., making a speed of 11-14 knots, a new aluminium bridge rising high from the deck, the sonar system, a laboratory and a workshop aft, and cabins on deck for distinguished sailing boffins.

Room had to be found for three large tanks, each with a 3-ton grappling apparatus, so that the *Calypso* may be moored exactly above a given spot and kept there hour after hour. The diving platform was affixed to one side.

A false prow was fitted, inside of which descends a tube down which boffins step, to find themselves inside a globular appendage. This is under water, has five portholes, and a glass bottom on which observers may lie and note everything that passes beneath them. At the same time, continuous photography of what the vessel is passing over may be automatically executed.

Finally, an interior diving well was fitted to the *Calypso*, amidships. This enables aqualungers to descend through still waters without being subject to the usual diving disabilities, and to regain the heated ship without exposure to cold air.

Thus transformed and built up—and looking a queer sight—a reborn *Calypso* sailed last spring on her second maiden voyage to the Red Sea, where her mission was to study indigenous marine specimens, take the first underwater colour photographs of their kind, of a notoriously luxuriant submarine condition, and remap the sea cliffs and bottom where feasible. The third job led to one of the crew, the blond Slav, Haroun Tazieff, discovering a deep canyon across the Red Sea. He was also able to determine just where the Asiatic and African continents break away one from another.

In a ship of eleven enthusiasts and specialists, Haroun may well challenge "Didi" Dumas, as the outstanding character. Dumas is the inspirer and executant of the high lights. Commander Cousteau would be the first to admit that. But Haroun divides his time between aqualungen 100 and 150 ft. down, among sharks and other unpleasant specimens, and exploring the craters of volcanoes! He is a pioneer volcanologist, and recently wrote a book on the subject, *Craters of Fire*.

What more natural than that Tazieff should also have been on that tragic underground exploration in the Pyrenees last summer, when the speleologue Loubens was killed? Tazieff was the second-last to be brought to the surface.

Then there is Dr. la Prunière, who is giving up a lucrative Paris practice to sail again with his comrades, who have something of the Three Musketeers about them, only they are eleven. The doctor has perfected a cylinder inside which seemingly defunct fish-men are placed and "repressurised" back to life (if they ever left it). The *Calypso* is forever producing new gadgets. Another is the automatic pilot.

A man of great import is Adelinat, who created the original floating workshop for underwater science. And then there is the cook, Hanen, who prefers this bouncing, bourgeois cuisine to twenty years as chef on liners. As might be expected, the commander sets great store on really good meals, above which presides the ship's patron, Cambronne.

Another *Calypso* man, Tailliez, made the last Himalayas climb with the French party; de Wouters is the magician of the gyro-compass; and so on. Each a personality, each man as keen as mustard. If ever ship had an atmosphere, *Calypso* has.

On March 2 she sails on her great adventure, backed by half-a-dozen ministries, universities and learned societies on either side of the Atlantic. She will be away at least for four years, during which time she will have ranged a goodly part of the seven seas. The voyage will afford a complete test of the apparatus and the human element.

Sailing from Marseilles, the *Calypso* will put in at Norfolk, Virginia, to embark a party of American, British, Danish and Belgian scientists who, added to the French party, will swell the ship's company to close on a score. New York's savants have offered a helicopter to add to the *Calypso's* cluttered deck situation.

The vessel is unique in that she is to be permanently "to let" to international scientific bodies. Up to a dozen boffins can be taken on cruises long or short. The Washington Geographical Society is notably supporting the forthcoming world cruise.

During the first two years the expedition will work in the Sargasso Sea, off the French Antilles and Bermuda, at the mouth of the Amazon, round the Falklands, along the coast of Patagonia and in the Wedell Sea. The second two years will be spent off New Zealand, in the Ross Sea, along the Great Barrier Reef, off Australia, and along the Arabian sea coast of India, and both African shores.

Shades of Darwin in the *Beetle* sailing some of these same waters a century and more ago! How the budding immortal would have been quickened to some of the *Calypso's* arrangements for boffin P.G.s. Further included are a refrigerator chamber for the conserving of all species, and a gadget up on that high aluminium bridge, through which the depths and sea bottom may be studied as the ship clips along.

But I am wondering whether the Professor will still be able to dive in the Wedell Sea, even in his insulated suit. I 'm sure he wouldn't mind meeting a sea lion on the way down. Rather would he wish to make arrangements to photograph the next one.

Which reminds me that, the deeper down, the safer fish-men feel. Sharks and other monsters which would attack near the surface apparently reckon that the strange white objects are worthy of respect if they are met with at 100 ft. or more.

It 's up to the fish-man, for his part, to become like a fish in order to study a fish. A minimum of energetic movement is doubly indicated, because fish take things easily as a rule, and the fish-man's strength is sapped by all save the slowest, most controlled movement when at a depth of 100 ft.

BUDDHIST RELICS ENSHRINED

Buddhists of Many Nationalities Gather in India to See the Bones of Sariputta and Mogallana Carried to their Final Resting Place

The story of Siddhartha, the young Indian Prince who left his home about 532 B.C. in search of enlightenment and who came to be called the Buddha, the wise one, is overlaid with a mass of extravagant and incredible legend. But when all this is stripped away we are left with a tale of a simple man whose life was of great gentleness and beauty and who possessed, as H. G. Wells has said, one of the most penetrating intelligences the world has ever known.

As with the story of Siddhartha's life, so with his teachings: for the purity of Buddhism has long been lost in the countries of that faith. In Tibet, for example, the Buddhist doctrines have become debased to devil-worship and idolatry; prayers are a matter of wheels revolved by the wind or by water, and the rich perform their devotions by proxy.

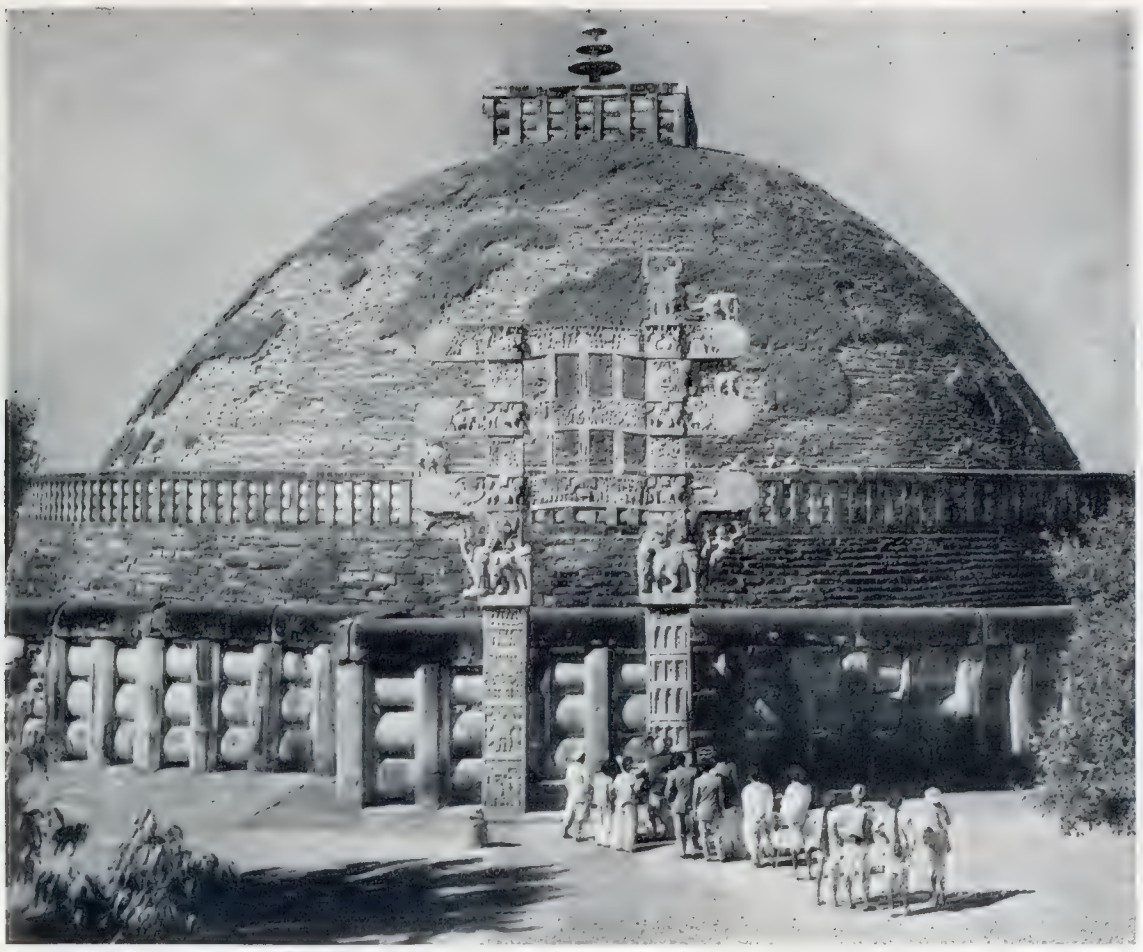
Of recent years, however, there have been the first faint murmurings of a Buddhist reformation. The translation of Pali and Sanskrit Buddhist literature by Western scholars—of whom the first was Eugène Burnouf and the greatest was Max Müller—laid the foundation for this by greatly increasing the audience to whom, through their scriptures, the ancient Buddhist sages could speak. Since then Buddhist ideas and ideals have laid their spell upon intellectuals both Occidental and Oriental, and Buddhist societies now flourish through the Western World.

Buddhist relics are many: they include the eight sacred hairs at Rangoon, the alms-bowl at Kandahar, and well-attested fragments of the Buddha's bones which were found at Peshawar in 1909. Over 100 years ago General Cunningham discovered at Sanchi, near Bhopal, fragments of the bones of Sariputta and Mogallana, two of the Buddha's chief disciples. The bones were brought to England, where they were kept at the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. In October 1948 they were returned to India and since then they have been taken to most of the principal Buddhist countries, including Burma, Ceylon and Indo-China.

Meanwhile a new temple had been built near the site at Sanchi where General Cunningham found them and there they were again enshrined on November 30, in the presence of the Prime Minister of India and the Prime Minister of Burma, as well as a great concourse of Buddhists from many parts of the world.

Sariputta and Mogallana were Brahmins—Hindu priests—who heard and were converted on the spot by a discourse from the Buddha when he addressed a gathering of Brahmins at Magadha, in the north of India. Both are regarded as "non-returned"; that is to say, as having found enlightenment and having thus avoided rebirth. Mogallana, a man of great psychic powers, was beaten to death by robbers, and it is said that he preserved his equanimity to the end. Sariputta, who became a celebrated teacher of the higher philosophical and psychological aspects of Buddhism, died a natural death.

Gautama Buddha himself died at the age of eighty at Kusinagara, in Oudh, and during the forty years following his enlightenment he appears to have traversed the greater part of Northern India. The survival of his teachings owes much to the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, whose domains covered the peninsula, and who was to Buddhism what Constantine was to Christianity.



WHERE THE BONES OF THE BUDDHA'S DISCIPLES, SARIPUTTA AND MOGALLANA, WERE ENSHRINED MORE THAN 2,000 YEARS AGO: In this magnificent stupa the great Indian Emperor Asoka, a fervent and gentle Buddhist, is said to have enshrined the bones of the two disciples. Recently a great gathering of Buddhists saw the relics placed in a new temple which has been built near this site.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF BURMA CONTEMPLATING THE RELICS: The Prime Minister, U Nu (extreme right), planted a sapling from the tree under which the Buddha attained enlightenment.

LADY CRIPPS, WIDOW OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, AT THE SANCHI CEREMONIES: An umbrella is held above her head as she signs autograph-books. Lady Cripps attended the ceremonies at the invitation of the Indian Premier, Pandit Nehru.

PANDIT NEHRU ADDRESSING THE GATHERING OF BUDDHISTS DURING THE CEREMONIES: The Prime Minister of India is a Hindu, but, like all Hindus, is a man of tolerance, seeing no wrong in revering the founder and saints of another religion.

A PART OF THE GREAT CROWD OF BUDDHISTS WHICH ASSEMBLED AT SANCHI TO SEE THE RELICS OF SARIPUTTA AND MOGALLANA PLACED IN THEIR FINAL RESTING-PLACE: In the foreground a number of European Buddhists are to be seen. Pandit Nehru carried the sacred relics into the new shrine and there he handed the casket over to two Ceylonese priests.

AN EXPERIMENT IN HOUSING—USING A RAIL-MOUNTED CRANE ON A NORWICH HOUSING SITE : The crane, moving along a temporary rail, lifts concrete and loads of bricks from the ground with great speed and convenience. By this method, it is claimed, houses can be built to the roofed-in stage in about half the time taken by the more conventional methods of modern construction. It is also estimated that about £50 on each house can be saved in this way.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF HOUSING LENDS A HAND IN HOUSE-BUILDING : This picture was taken during Mr. Marples' visit to Norwich, where an experiment is being conducted in house-building with the aid of a movable crane.

An experiment at a building site on the outskirts of Norwich, organised by the Building Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, is proving that houses can be built to the roofed-in stage, with the help of a light crane, in half the time taken by conventional methods of construction, and that, moreover, about £50 a house is saved as a result of this method. Mr. Marples, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, recently paid a visit to the estate and watched the work in progress. He saw the crane moving along in front of the terrace of houses it was helping to build, swinging heavy concrete lintels into position and raising more than half a ton of bricks at a time from the ground. Mr. Marples stood on the roof of one of the half-finished houses and helped to guide into position a section of a chimney, lifted by the crane. This experiment is a result of a trial made a year ago by the Norwich City Corporation.

The World of Town Planning

THE NORWICH EXPERIMENT : And DOWN LANSBURY WAY AND LAMBETH WAY

The Lambeth Bas-reliefs by Mr. Peter Peri ; Southampton Housing Committee's Problem Statues

A TENANT OF A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HOUSING ESTATE IN SOUTH LAMBETH ADMIRING ONE OF THE BAS-RELIEFS BY PETER PERI : This is one of a series of bas-reliefs, depicting scenes of family life, which Mr. Peri has done for the flats in Fentiman Road and Tyers Street, South Lambeth. One 6-ft. sculpture of a woman holding the hands of several young children is designed as a memorial to children of the neighbourhood who lost their lives in the air raids on London. Mr. Peri was one of the sculptors who contributed to the South Bank Exhibition last year ; his group of sun-bathers, in terra-cotta concrete, aroused considerable admiration. He is also an engraver and etcher, and is exhibiting at 3, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2, from December 21.

NEW LOOK FOR LONDON'S EAST END—THE LANSBURY NEIGHBOURHOOD UNIT IN POPLAR WHICH WAS THE CENTRE OF A LIVE ARCHITECTURE EXHIBITION HELD DURING THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN AND WHICH IS NOW MAKING FURTHER PROGRESS TOWARDS COMPLETION: *Left*—A modern block of flats contrasted with the old type of dwellings on the edge of the newly-developed area. *Right*—The balconied homes reveal a most imaginative layout, something quite new in this part of London.

During the Festival of Britain visitors to London's East End were invited to see the Live Architecture Exhibition in Poplar, and there they could see the beginnings of the new residential unit, named after the late George Lansbury, rising on a devastated site bought by the London County Council. Thirty acres were in part developed for the Festival, and now the work on Lansbury continues to go ahead, typifying the standard of accommodation and design being set as London is gradually rebuilt from the derelict and bomb-scarred wilderness, the slums of a passing era.

Blocks of flats, a special home for old folk, secondary, primary and nursery schools, a Catholic church for 700, a Congregational church for 400, a shopping centre with thirty-eight shops, a market-place, three public-houses and a clock tower have been designed to produce in Lansbury a single, well-knit community. With the buildings sited round closes and open spaces, and the traffic kept for the most part well away from the front doors, Lansbury's people beyond doubt have the opportunity of living in conditions far happier than did their parents and grandparents.

THE FESTIVAL INN, IN KERBEY STREET, LANSBURY: This public-house in the new neighbourhood unit has a modernistic inn sign in the form of a maypole and embodying a miniature of the Skylon, the vertical feature of the South Bank Exhibition staged during the 1951 Festival.

Below—THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW CARDINAL GRIFFIN SCHOOL IN LANSBURY: Nursery, primary and secondary schools are already in being in the newly-developed area, a modern oasis set in a vast expanse of overcrowded streets. Lansbury is the first large-scale section of the County of London Plan to be actually translated into bricks and mortar.

A SCULPTURE PROBLEM FOR A SOUTHAMPTON HOUSING ESTATE: These pictures are of the two stone figures, the work of Dainbridge Copnall, which have been presented to the Kingsland Housing Estate, Southampton, and which are arousing some controversy. In the picture *on left* members of the Southampton Housing Committee are seen inspecting the male nude.

The two figures for the Kingsland Housing Estate in Southampton arrived, unannounced, in November 1951, and since then they have been in a barbed-wire compound on the estate. Meanwhile, the Council have been trying to decide what to do with them, and some work has been done on the male figure by Mr. Copnall, the sculptor, to "tone it down."

Work on the housing estate is almost complete, and Councillor Mrs. Wilcock, who described the figures as being like "Adam and Eve," asked the Chairman of the Committee to make sure that the statues were suitable for the district and acceptable to the people who lived there, before they were erected.

A similar problem has recently split local opinion in Richmond, Surrey, where a statue, nicknamed "Bulbous Betty," a 7-ft. Aphrodite, was presented to Richmond by the sculptor, Allen Howes. "God help the people of Richmond," wrote Sir Alfred Munnings, after seeing the piece, "if they can pass by the monster without bursting into rage."

ALL CHANGE *in the* UNITED STATES

The Republicans Prepare to Take Over from the Democrats Prior to the Inauguration of President Eisenhower

After twenty years of Democratic Administration, Washington is now full of new faces, and soon they will be in the key positions. Meanwhile, President-elect Eisenhower's appointees are sitting in with the big men of the Democratic Administration, mastering all the complicated detail of the departments they will administer.

The widespread opinion has been in America that Eisenhower has done a good job, and he has certainly not shown himself the prisoner of the Taft organisation. He has in fact flouted the Senate's Republican floor leader at every turn, even to the extent of appointing a Democrat as Secretary of Labour in the person of Martin P. Durkin, the President of the American Federation of Labour Plumbers and Pipe Fitters. Mr. Durkin's union has no fewer than 225,000 members and 829 local branches, so he is no newcomer to big-scale organisation.

Most important, and least surprising of all General Eisenhower's appointments has been that of John Foster Dulles to the Secretaryship of State. This post might have gone to Thomas Dewey, but apparently the twice-defeated standard bearer of the Republicans prefers to continue his work as Governor of New York.

The most interesting appointment in the foreign relations field is that of the Mutual Security Director. It goes to forty-five-year-old Harold Stassen, so often the also-ran in Republican politics, and seemingly no more successful than usual in the recently waged campaign before the Chicago Convention. General Eisenhower has shown a great liking for Harold Stassen, and this Mid-Western internationalist now has the task of administering aid to Europe, taking over where the even more liberal Averell Harriman leaves off.

THE MOST UNUSUAL AND WIDELY-ACCLAIMED OF GENERAL EISENHOWER'S CABINET APPOINTMENTS: Mr. Martin P. Durkin, Secretary of Labour in the new Republican Administration. Durkin, a trade union leader in the plumbing industry, will be the only Roman Catholic member of the new Cabinet. He is a Democrat.

HAROLD STASSEN MEETS AVERELL HARRIMAN AND DISCUSSES WITH THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER DETAILS OF HIS NEW JOB IN EISENHOWER'S REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION: Stassen, at present President of the University of Pennsylvania, is to be Mutual Security Director. A pioneer internationalist in the Middle West, Stassen actually came out for U.S. Aid to Britain before Marshall Aid was proposed by General Marshall himself. Now Stassen will administer U.S. aid.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES CONFERS WITH DEAN ACHESON: The Secretary of State designate meets the Secretary of State in President Truman's Administration. The two men will have to hold frequent conferences together, as also will their assistants, before the hand-over is complete. Dulles was born in the Washington home of his maternal grandfather, John Watson Foster, the veteran diplomat who was President Benjamin Harrison's Secretary of State. Dulles wrote the foreign policy document for the Republican Convention this year.

ADLAI STEVENSON MEETS HARRY TRUMAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE: The defeated Democratic candidate with the President when they met on December 3. On the following day Mr. Stevenson was the guest of the Trumans at a formal dinner at the White House at which most of the Cabinet were present. In defeat Stevenson remains the standard-bearer of the Democratic Party.

MACARTHUR IN BIG BUSINESS: General Douglas MacArthur (centre) stands with Charles R. Sligh, Jr., of Grand Rapids, the new president of the National Association of Manufacturers, and William J. Grede (left), of Milwaukee, Sligh's predecessor, before the dinner in New York on December 5, marking the closing session of the fifty-seventh Annual Congress of American Industry. The General, who had made no public utterances since his keynote speech at the 1952 Republican National Convention, addressed the gathering on the subject of Korea, and made several friendly references to President-elect Eisenhower. The General has not quite relinquished his political ambitions, and the Republican victory at least holds the door open to him to return to active service. Eisenhower last week called him into consultation.

AMERICA'S NEW SECRETARY OF COMMERCE BRAVES THE SNOW: Mr. Sinclair Weeks arriving at General Eisenhower's residence for an informal talk following his appointment. Sinclair Weeks is one of the representatives of big business in the Cabinet. To the money he inherited, Weeks has added a fortune he built as chairman of a metal-fastener manufacturing firm. Weeks made himself prominent in the pre-election political campaign when he called upon Taft "to electrify the nation by conceding nomination to Eisenhower." Taft at the time called the suggestion ridiculous. Weeks was born in the Boston suburb of West Newton in 1893. He spends much time on his New Hampshire farm.

THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST FRONT-LINE SQUADRON OF HELICOPTERS, NO. 848, FLYING PAST AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION AT GOSPORT, HANTS: These ten Sikorsky S.55's, which have been provided by the United States under the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme, are now en route to Malaya. To celebrate their departure the 848 Squadron were joined by No. 705 Training Squadron in a mass fly-past, in all seventeen aircraft flying in formation over the naval air station at Gosport.

THE NAVY'S HELICOPTER SQUADRON GETS READY FOR MALAYA

The Rotating-Wing Aircraft Take Part in the Largest Mass Fly-Past of Its Kind Ever Staged in this Country

Helicopters have already proved their worth in Korea and have indeed come into increasing use upon the battlefield, most notably in the rescue of wounded from forward positions.

Now they are to be used to assist in jungle operations against the bandits in Malaya. Altogether fourteen officers and eighty ratings of No. 848 Squadron are now on their way out to Malaya with their ten machines under the command of Lieut.-Commander S. H. Suthers. Before they left for South-East Asia the men and machines of the Squadron gave a superb display of formation flying at their Gosport base. The fact that the helicopters only reached this country on November 21 speaks volumes for the work of the Squadron, which has been undergoing the most rigorous training in the use of the aircraft in the New Forest area. To become accustomed to touching-down among trees the pilots have been making landings in the New Forest. Further experience will be gained in Malaya before the Squadron goes into action. The helicopters are able to carry eight armed men or three stretcher and three sitting cases.

A TAIL-END VIEW OF A SIKORSKY S.55: One of the ten machines of the Royal Naval Squadron seen on the ground at Gosport. The rather unusual appearance of the machine is made more remarkable through the doors being open.

ON THE FIELD AT GOSPORT: *Left*—A helicopter being pulled on to the starting-line by a Fordson tractor. *Right*—Three of the helicopters airborne and a fourth ready to take off. These helicopters were to have been allocated to the Navy in 1953, but the United States Government agreed to advance the delivery date.

LIGHTS *of* MANHATTAN

The United Nations Headquarters Buildings Add to the Glitter of the Nocturnal Landscape of Skyscrapers in New York

THE SLEEK RECTANGLE OF THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARIAT BUILDING AND THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED ASSEMBLY BUILDING AT ITS FOOT ARE IMPORTANT ADDITIONS TO THE MANHATTAN SCENE: In the centre of this glowing night picture are the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings, the two greatest skyscrapers in New York, while in the foreground, reflecting the stream of light, are the waters of the East River. Next year will witness the 300th anniversary of New York's incorporation as a city. In those early days it was known as New Amsterdam, and its population was 800. Now the population hovers round the 8,000,000 mark. *Inset on right*—The United Nations Secretariat Building viewed beneath the main span of the Queenboro Bridge. The opening of the permanent headquarters of the United Nations in 1951 gave New York the status of a kind of world capital.

NEW YORK VIEWED FROM ACROSS THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE CALVARY CEMETERY: This distant view of the bright lights of Manhattan was taken from the borough of Queens, which has the distinction of having more cemeteries than any other part of the great city, including the Cemetery of the Evergreens, Cypress Hills, Mount Carmel, Lutheran Cemetery and Mount Olivet. In the neighbouring borough of Brooklyn is the vast Greenwood Cemetery. New Yorkers, like Londoners, have long been preoccupied with the problem of cemetery space, and some authorities have even suggested that the space would be better employed for housing.

Christmas in a Cathedral City

HOW ST. ALBANS WILL CELEBRATE

By John May

(WITH DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE)

LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOF-TOPS OF ST. ALBANS FROM THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY TOWER BY FRENCH ROW TO ST. PETER'S CHURCH: St. Peter's stands upon the site of one of the three churches founded by Abbot Ulsinus in A.D. 948. The original Saxon structure has not survived. St. Albans does not give the impression of being a city built to a pattern, and indeed conforms to the viewpoint expressed by her most distinguished citizen, Francis Bacon, who once wrote that "houses are built to live in and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had."

To know something of how other people live is always fascinating, and to know how they spend Christmas can be revealing indeed, for this may not be the faithless age it has so often been proclaimed, and in a cathedral city like St. Albans, the Abbey Church, the focal-point of everyday life, still exercises a vital influence upon the community, as John May shows in this Christmas article. Stewart Perowne, in an article on Christmas in Bethlehem and the Holy Land, published elsewhere in this issue, places the same emphasis upon spiritual values.

THE first time that the Christmas "tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" were printed in English, it was a press set up in the Abbey at St. Albans that reproduced them. A thousand years previously, the first martyr in Britain for his belief in the Christmas story was Alban, a Roman soldier, whose name became as a consequence the city's. Since then sixteen centuries have passed. But still no place in Britain is better suited than the thriving township of St. Albans to illustrate the impact of Christmas on life in *anno domini* 1952.

Here, only twenty miles north-west of London, are cathedral choristers who sing of wise men following a star, and others who, 2,000 years after, make and fly the Comet. Here are hospital nurses, if not angels; from near-by Brookman's Park come broadcasts by radio and television, if not by heavenly hosts; there are a few shepherds, though they do not watch by night, and there is room at the eighty-eight inns. Above all, as the population is 44,000 and the birthrate 16.4, the probabilities are that to a score of the 12,000 homes there will come during Christmas week news giving extra meaning to the rejoicing that "unto us a child is born."

The Christmas of commerce began to be felt in the market-place and the shops of St. Albans soon after Guy Fawkes was bundled on to his bonfires. A diminutive Christmas-tree was then 12s. 6d. with prospects of at least the price growing higher. Then, at St. Albans Post Office, about December 15, Christmas arrangements went into high gear when the normal 30,000 letters a day rose steeply towards its peak of 160,000. The excitement of annual winter merry-making was whipping up as it had done even in Britain's first Roman town of Verulamium, St. Albans' predecessor, before the first Christmas in Bethlehem.

The site of Verulamium is now a public park and a pleasant place for a crisp winter morning's walk. The last walk that Alban himself took, dressed in the clothes of the fugitive Welsh priest who converted him, was across the River Ver and up the hill to have his head cut off. The chapel upon the hill to preserve his relics became a thriving abbey with 100 monks, then, in turn, a deserted ruin, a parish church, and at last, in 1877, a cathedral. History clanged and surged around it, and its high-sited city arose with three attendant churches, a market-place, a curfew bell-tower, coaching inns, and, finally, its present modern factories and homesteads.

Out over the frosted roofs of St. Albans memorial city on Christmas morning the twelve bells of the cathedral will clamour their summons to service. Then, traditionally, the cathedral choir of twenty-three boys and fourteen men will rejoice in Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck's fine sixteenth-century Christmas anthem, "*Hodie Christus Natus Est*" (To-day Christ is Born), which they began practising two months before.

The bells will ring similarly for the eight o'clock carol service on Christmas Eve. "A touch of Stedman Cinques," says the leader, Horace Goodenough, "lasting about twenty minutes." Mr. Goodenough has been ringing in the abbey since 1906. The oldest ringer in his band is seventy, and one is a lady—Betty Copson. He also has three learners, one only twelve.

CHRISTMAS CAROL-SINGING IN THE ANCIENT ABBEY OF ST. ALBANS: The choir, with their red cassocks beneath their surplices, add a touch of colour to the scene. On Christmas Eve there will be a carol service in the Abbey.

The first glimpse a Christmas visitor will get of St. Albans Cathedral will almost certainly be the square tower which Paul de Caen, the first Norman abbot, built with flat red Roman bricks taken from ruined Verulamium. If he speaks to a virger (the special St. Albans spelling this, nearer to the original Latin than the normal "verger") he will learn something of the cathedral's dramatic history. He will see in the South Transept the Holy Crib tableau, with one Christmas-tree near by and another in the Sanctuary. And if he attends a service he will certainly be impressed with the Gothic nave, the longest in existence.

The cathedral rings with carolling over Christmastide. It began this year last Tuesday, December 16, when the choir of St. Albans School (fifty boys and masters) sang in a carol service. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the town people of St. Albans bought the abbey for £400, using the Presbytery as a parish church and the Lady Chapel for the boys' grammar school. The school moved in 1870 to the fourteenth-century Abbey Gatehouse. And now at Christmas a Nativity play is performed by the girls of St. Albans High School in the

(*Concluded on following pages*)

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBANS, FOCAL-POINT OF THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN THE CITY: The Abbey Church stands on the hill overlooking the site of the Roman town of Verulamium, marking the place of the martyrdom of the first man in this island to die for the Christian faith, Alban, a Roman legionary stationed in the town. Alban met his death some time between 303 and 305 in the last two years of the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. He was converted and befriended by the British monk Amphibalus.

Christmas in a Cathedral City

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Retro Choir, with the audience in the Lady Chapel, where once the boys learned their three R's.

This evening, the Saturday before Christmas, a carol service in the cathedral is being led by the Bach Choir, a local amateur choral society ninety strong. Its members are trained by Mr. C. P. P. Burton, who is also cathedral organist and choirmaster, and music master of the boys' school. Then the cathedral choir sings at the local Hill End Hospital (part of Bart's) on Christmas Eve, and has its own service afterwards in the cathedral.

Carols will celebrate Christmas Eve, too, at St. Albans City Hospital, where fifty or sixty nurses, with white caps, red cloaks and white aprons, will parade singing round the hospital's many wards and buildings, their path lit by lanterns. On Christmas Day, at 6 a.m., matron will go round the wards wishing all a "Merry Christmas." There will be a stocking for every patient and Christmas-trees in the wards, which will be decorated also with their own themes—Aladdin's Cave, Peter Pan, Alice in Wonderland—secret until the last moment. The turkey for Christmas dinner will be "operated upon" by the doctor of the ward, and patients on the surgical side will enjoy the best possible carving.

During Christmas afternoon the mayor will come round the hospital and Father Christmas will arrive at the children's ward. With the usual 425 beds to look after, including the maternity block, where two babies may be expected on Christmas Day alone, there will be no official off-duty for staff. But mistletoe may not be lacking, and there will be parties for all after Christmas, with the dress rehearsal of the nurses' pantomime *Puss in Boots* on December 30, in preparation for performances on the first three evenings of the New Year.

As in the hospitals, so on the farms, the Holy Day is only in part a holiday. With silver stars shining from a dark sky in the early hours, and beasts stirring in their stalls, the farmworker is perhaps nearer to Bethlehem in a stable or a cowshed on Christmas morning than anyone else. For work must go on.

From the Hertfordshire Institute of Agriculture at Oaklands, St. Albans, the sixty men and women students went home on December 19 and will return on January 12. Mr. Roland Line, the Principal, takes only the briefest of breaks. There is still 70 gallons of milking a day for cowman Childs with the Shorthorn herd, and pigman Grey must tend his Wessex Saddlebacks. Bullocks, calves, horses, chickens also have to be fed, and the heating and ventilation of an acre of glass-houses must be attended to. Everyone lends a hand. "Helping the stock-man at Christmas," says the farm director, Mr. Peter Buckler, "somehow brings the workers on a farm together in a way that happens at no other season."

THE BELLRINGERS OF ST. ALBANS WHO WILL RING OUT THE CHRISTMAS SUMMONS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY: The ringers stand in a circle, the man on the small platform ringing the deepest-toned bell. He is seen with his hands in the down position and about to catch the padded part of the rope as it swings up again. The other ringers are seen in various intermediate positions, ranging up to the man who has his hands above his head.

The goodwill of Christmas flowered earliest in St. Albans in those factories where the workers decorated their departments with paper chains and balloons in the first days of December. Charles Kotzin, the managing director of Ballito Hosiery Mills, followed this up by arranging a supper dance and party for 1,000 of his employees on the Saturday before Christmas, with coachloads joining in from the Luton and Leicestershire factories. There was a gay precedent. "Last year," said Bill Taylor, the sports and social secretary, "I ordered ten 36-gallon barrels of beer for the free bar—and they finished every drop!"

As this present week-end approached, shopping became increasingly urgent. The market in St. Albans, with its 120 stalls, some of its stallholders dressed as a chef, a Dutchman or Santa Claus, others conducting hilarious mock auctions, and its glittering bargains in toys, hand-bags, cutlery, cosmetics, cloth, jewellery, goldfish and gadgets, is lusty living history. It was first laid out by early Saxon abbots with a fish shambles, a flesh shambles and a pudding shambles. Usually held on Saturday, for Christmas it will take place, along with the cattle market elsewhere in the town, on the Wednesday, Christmas Eve.

Some of the money spent on last-minute Christmas gifts in the market will be the wages paid to senior St. Albans schoolgirls and schoolboys who have acted as auxiliary post-men at 2s. an hour for a 48-hour week, "and," says Postmaster Mr. W. L. H. Hughes, "they do the job remarkably well." And then on Christmas Day the greet-ings cards, the gifts and good things bought in the shops and market (including the nylons that Ballito's 1,000 employees can get), the toys and turkeys, the paper hats and wine, the mince-pies and Christmas puddings made by wives and daughters and sisters, the Christmas-trees rigged up by fathers and brothers—all will add their gaiety to the family festival.

ST. MICHAEL'S STREET, ST. ALBANS, THE HISTORIC THOROUGHFARE LEADING TO THE ROMAN CITY OF VERULAMIUM: St. Michael's village has not allowed modern traffic conditions to rob it of its character and warmth. In addition to the Roman amphitheatre, St. Michael's is celebrated for its associations with the great Francis Bacon.

BLEAK HOUSE STANDS IN CATHERINE STREET: This pleasant Georgian residence may have been the house inspiring that name in Dickens's novel. Dickens often stayed in St. Albans, and is said to have written *Bleak House* while lodging at the Queen's in Chequer Street.

ST. PETER'S STREET, ST. ALBANS: This street is the main thoroughfare of the city and dominating the far end of it is the City Hall, with the market-place near it. In the Wars of the Roses fighting in the two Battles of St. Albans took place round this spot.

E MARKET-PLACE ON A MARKET DAY: The street leading to the right of the picturesque crooked building is French Row, so named because it was occupied by French troops in 1216. Near by is the site of the house where King John of France was detained after the Battle of Poitiers in 1356.

CONTRAST IN ST. ALBANS—THE ANCIENT INN AND THE MODERN FACTORY: *Left*—The Fighting Cocks Inn, a quaint, half-timbered octagonal building which in earlier days is reputed to have served as a fishing lodge for the monks of the Abbey. Some people say it is the oldest inhabited licensed house in England. *Right*—Girls at work in the nylon factory. The factory earns vital hard currency, for most of the stockings are for export.

For a hundred or so St. Albans citizens, the ristmas-born, it will be also a birthday. One of them, rs. Bertha Gilkes, of Hazelwood Drive, says: "I 'm cky; members of my family always give me two esents!" But elsewhere there will be homes with absent friends"—men away in the Services, perhaps en fighting, wounded or taken prisoner. And even the house next door will be a little girl who did not now until very close to Christmas whether her father ould be at home. He was one of the crew of the Comet at crashed recently in Rome, upsetting, among other ings, the duty rota. Many of the Comet-makers, the orkers at De Havillands, live in and around St. Albans. nd somewhere seven or eight miles above the earth on hristmas Day, with no feeling of movement through pace, passengers in two jet airliners will celebrate ith a traditional dinner, the first Comet Christmas, nd a B.B.C. broadcast will be made from one f the Comets.

In times when St. Albans was the centre of more rimitive methods of travel, the lively notes of the oaching horn twanged back off the roof-tops as coach fter coach, sometimes seventy a day, "tooled" through he town. Where the London Road entered, a dozen ans stood in almost unbroken line. Of two that survive, ost-horses were kept at the White Hart, and at the eahen, Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn were, it is said, ivately married. Now at the Peahen on Boxing Day and unday there will be light music. Stan Pollard will lead his mall orchestra there, and on the Saturday and Christ-as Eve he will play for dancing at the Waterend arn—a mellow sixteenth-century structure brought wenty years ago from Wheathampstead to become a allroom and restaurant in the centre of St. Albans.

The final touch of Dickensian festivity will be iven the Hertfordshire foxhounds, with Lieut.-Colonel obert Faulconer, M.C., of St. Albans, as Joint Master, ome to St. Albans for one of their three children's eets in the first week of the New Year. By then, for ost people, any traces of over-zealous Christmas elebration will have gone, though with Roses among he many local industries, sending out 5,000,000 bottles f lime-juice a year from their St. Albans factory alone, he incidence hereabouts of headache and hangover ay very well be below the national norm!

Yet if Christian faith flares high in St. Albans, as lsewhere, at Christmas by the aid of strange fuels and agan customs, it is, nevertheless, faith, and goodwill mong men which will glow the brighter at other easons because of it.

IN MEDIEVAL FRENCH ROW: The tower is a fourteenth-century building of flint and rubble. It has an ancient bell which used to ring at 4 a.m. to wake apprentices, and at 8 p.m. to proclaim the curfew.

On right—

THE HOSPITAL NURSES START ON THEIR ROUND OF THE WARDS WHERE THEY WILL SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS TO THE PATIENTS: Armed with hurricane lamps, probably decorated with bits of coloured paper, they begin their Christmas eve tour. Perhaps fifty or sixty nurses will take part in the tour, their white caps, red cloaks and white aprons conspicuous despite the dim light of a December evening.

OBLIVIOUS OF THE REST OF THE WORLD, A ST. ALBANS YOUTH FISHES CONTENTEDLY IN THE RIVER VER FROM THE BRIDGE AT THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THE OLDEST THOROUGHFARES, APTLY NAMED FISHPOOL STREET: Fishpool Street, linking up with St. Michael's Street, is on the road from modern St. Albans to the old Roman city.

From ENGLAND, SCOTLAND and NORTHERN IRELAND

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES IN THE LAST WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

CURLERS IN ACTION IN THE NORTH—THE INTER-PROVINCE BONSPIEL AT KILCONQUHAR LOCH, FIFE, WHEN CUPAR BEAT EAST FIFE BY 528 SHOTS TO 360 SHOTS: This was the first time for many years that outdoor Bonspiels had been held before the new year. The cup in the 30-rinks-a-side Bonspiel between the two provinces of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, awarded to the club with the highest plus total, went to Forret, in Cupar Province, with 19 points. Balcaskie, who had a majority of 16 shots, was the only club in the East Fife Province to have a plus total. The pictures reproduced above show the curling in progress, dominated, *on left*, by Kilconquhar Church. Towards the end of the day the ice at Kilconquhar Loch became heavy and the East Fife Province Bonspiel on the next day was held elsewhere.

DENMARK'S CHRISTMAS-TREE GIFT TO EDINBURGH ARRIVES IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: The 59-ft.-high Christmas-tree, a gift from the St. Andrew Society of Denmark, was erected in Princes Street Gardens at The Mound, Edinburgh, following its arrival at Leith in the cargo vessel *Gothland*. Mr. E. Schacke, the Danish Consul, watched the tree being unloaded at the port and was present later at The Mound when the Christmas-tree was fixed in position.

CAMBRIDGE TURN THE TABLES AT TWICKENHAM AND WIN THEIR FIRST UNIVERSITY RUGBY MATCH AGAINST OXFORD SINCE 1947: K. M. Spence (Loretto and Brasenose), the Oxford captain, seen kicking into touch when about to be tackled by an opponent. The game, played in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh and a crowd of over 45,000 was full of speed and excitement, and the margin was a point, a penalty goal and a try to a goal. The result was Cambridge 6 points and Oxford 5 points. Throughout the first half of the game Oxford were much the better side, and indeed, for the first part of the second half, when Cambridge did not once get as far as half-way. When the Cambridge pack, with the outstanding help of P. H. Ryan (Harrow and Caius) and P. J. F. Wheeler (Rugby and Magdalene) began to get the ball more frequently both in attack and defence, H. P. Morgan (Wycliffe and St. John's) got in several useful kicks and the forwards followed up with an intensive effort.

EXCITEMENT AT TWICKENHAM DURING THE EARLY DECEMBER VARSITY RUGBY MATCH: When this picture was taken J. H. Henderson (Michael House, S.A., and Brasenose) had just got rid of the ball as Wheeler grabbed him by the head and shoulder and V. H. Leadbetter (Kettering G.S., and St. Catharine's) went sprawling over his back.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM TRAVELS BY UNDERGROUND TO A CONCERT: The conductor, who had to travel by Underground because of the great fog which covered London, is seen being assisted from the train by Lady Beecham and his manager. He was on his way to conduct the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the State Theatre in Kilburn. Only a few days before, Sir Thomas had been confined to bed with delayed concussion at a London hotel after a mishap in a taxi. He struck his head on the roof of the taxi as he arrived at Broadcasting House to make an oversea recording and the next day he felt unwell and complained of a head pain. Sir Thomas, who was born on April 29, 1879, has for many years been a leader among British musicians and a pioneer worker in furthering the interests of the modern composer. His re-formed Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, built from the pick of British musicians, played for the first time on September 15, 1946, at the Davis Theatre in Croydon. His sparkling personality and his inspired interpretations have long endeared him to the concert-goer.

DISASTER ON THE EAST COAST—MEMBERS OF A LOWESTOFT TRAWLER BEING RESCUED FROM THEIR SINKING VESSEL: Rescuers help the crew of the *Flag Jack* to leave their trawler at the Suffolk harbour as the ship begins to sink. The trawler caught fire in the engine-room, then crashed into the pier.

MR. WALTER GIFFORD, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, ADMIRING WINNING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" COMPETITION: The Ambassador is pointing to a picture of the Queen which took first prize in the news category and which was the frontispiece of "The Sphere" of November 8. Charles Dawson, of *Planet News*, who took the picture, is seen second from the right. The competition of Press photographs, the fifth sponsored by Encyclopædia Britannica Limited, was organised in eight categories—portfolios of ten, picture sequences, news, sport, feature, descriptive, high-speed and colour photographs. An entry of 1,576 photographs were submitted by 179 British Press photographers.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND IS SWORN-IN AT A CEREMONY HELD IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE, BELFAST: Lord Wakehurst is welcomed by the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland, Lord MacDermott, who administered the oath of allegiance and the official oath at the swearing-in ceremony. Earlier, after leaving Government House, Hillsborough, Lord and Lady Wakehurst were received at the city boundary by her Majesty's Lieutenant for Belfast, Lord Glentoran, the Lord Mayor, Mr. J. H. Norritt, and other civic authorities and then escorted to the Royal Courts of Justice. There the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Lord Brookeborough, read the Commission of Appointment, and after taking the oath Lord Wakehurst signed the roll.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN MEETS SOME OF THE T.A. MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS (K.R.R.C.) T.A. DURING AN INFORMAL VISIT TO THEIR DRILL HALL AT BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON: During his visit Mr. Eden, who soldiered with the King's Royal Rifle Corps during World War I, saw the Territorials training, and presented a long-service medal to a senior N.C.O. He also presented National Service volunteers with marksmen badges. Later, Mr. Eden dined with the officers.

LORD ALEXANDER SPEAKS AT THE OPENING OF THE THIRD GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE WORLD VETERANS' FEDERATION AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: The World Veterans' Federation, which is associated with the United Nations, aims to promote "peace with freedom," and to effect the rehabilitation of victims and veterans of war throughout the world. In his opening speech Lord Alexander expressed great interest in the problem of the rehabilitation of ex-Servicemen, and he assured the assembly that the British Government would do all that it could to help the Federation in their work in that particular field.

BOLIVIA, TWELFTH NIGHT and MISTLETOE

Some Traditional Ceremonies and Superstitions Connected With Twelfth Night and the White Berries of the Mistletoe Bough

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A READER of THE SPHERE living at Sucre, in Bolivia, and not from his name an Englishman, has written me a long and most interesting letter about the Derby, about British bloodstock in South America, and about horse-racing in the heart of that continent. Incidentally, he has also given me all sorts of interesting information about Bolivia, a country about which I have hitherto been singularly ill-informed. Indeed, I have to confess that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have not previously heard of Sucre. Lessons in geography at my public school, on the rare occasions when they touched upon South America at all, paid little attention to Bolivia (beyond mentioning revolutions, and that after all should have been the business of the man who taught history), and the only town in the whole country, which is the third largest in South America, I knew by name is La Paz. For upwards of forty years I have believed La Paz to be the capital of Bolivia. Sucre, I now learn, is the capital: La Paz is merely the seat of government. No doubt this is stale information to readers of THE SPHERE, but I hand it on just in case. Moreover, Sucre, my correspondent tells me, possesses the oldest university in the whole of America—North and South—for it was founded in 1624, some twelve years before Harvard. Furthermore, in Sucre they play Association football without endangering the lives of referees. I have also learned a good deal about the local drinks—valuable information which I regret it seems unlikely I shall be able to put to its full and proper use.

In return for all this my correspondent wants to know a good deal about horse-breeding in England, and also about one or two curious and out-of-the-way topics. Are there, he asks, still ceremonies in England connected with Twelfth Night? This is, it would seem, a considerable occasion in the life of the Bolivian capital, and what sort of an occasion is it in England? And he also seeks information about mistletoe and its uses.

My ignorance about Twelfth Night is on a par with my former ignorance about Sucre. And I know only one use for mistletoe. I sat down to tell him all I knew about the latter. And then, a faint stirring from the distant past, remembered Dai the Bridge.

Dai Evans—his popular name derived from the situation of his cottage, and was used to distinguish him from all the other Evanses in the village and neighbourhood—was a farm labourer. He was an old man when I knew him. Childhood memory recalls a short, thick figure with white side-whiskers and thick white eyebrows, and I remember that he always wore a rusty brown hat that was neither a bowler nor a top-hat, but something in between. And he had a custom, or ceremony, connected with both Twelfth Night and mistletoe.

Twelfth Day (and Night) is, of course, the Festival of the Epiphany. Twelfth Night marks the end of the twelve days of Christmas. The Epiphany is a religious festival of the first order—it was the day on which the date of Easter used to be announced—and there are many religious ceremonies connected with it. The best-known surviving English one is the service held in the Chapel Royal in memory of the gifts of the Three Wise Men. Up to the time when George III's madness prevented him from performing the Royal duties, the King himself came in state to the service to offer gold, frankincense and myrrh with his own hand. During the Regency the presentation was made by proxy, and this has been continued ever since. Nowadays the Lord Chamberlain in his robes, attended by the Yeomen of the Guard, represents the Sovereign, and no longer is the offering one of gold and frankincense and myrrh. The traditional gifts have been changed to three purses containing money for the poor. This is, I think, the only official ceremony connected with Twelfth Night, and not exclusively confined to the Church, remaining in England.

But there is, of course, much else of a superstitious, quasi-religious, quasi-pagan nature connected with Twelfth Night still alive. For example, mince-pies should serve to remind us of the spices brought by the Three Wise Men. At one time mince-pies were never eaten until Twelfth Night. The old custom has long since died; nowadays most of us eat mince-pies whenever we get the chance. But there are still to be found those who believe that to eat twelve mince-pies between Christmas and Twelfth Night means twelve happy months during the coming year. At least, it is healthier to spread out the eating thus than, as once was the custom, to eat the twelve on Twelfth Night.

The feasting, of which mince-pies are a relic, has all but died out. At one time farm-hands were given plum-cake and cider, and the wassail-bowl was carried round the farm and toasts were drunk. This custom has not altogether died out. In some parts of Somerset and Devonshire, and until quite recently in Herefordshire, the apple-trees are still toasted with the wassail-bowl on Twelfth Night. The toasts are drunk to individual trees, which are addressed by name as living persons, and during the ceremony the men sing a song. There are, I understand, a number of versions of this traditional song (the only other one I know is unprintable), but this is supposed to be the oldest:

" Here 's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,
Whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats full! Caps full!
Three score bushels full!
And my pockets full too!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! "

The idea is to urge the apple-trees to greater productivity during the coming year. I do not suppose that anybody believes in the efficacy of the ceremony now—but a good time is had by all.

It is interesting to note that in one place at least (Carhampton) the trees are still toasted on the old Twelfth Night, which is January 17. Present Twelfth Night is the old Christmas Day. It is on this day, exactly at midnight, exactly at the true anniversary of Christ's birth, that the famous Glastonbury Thorn is said to flower.

No wonder that the hawthorn (the Glastonbury Thorn is, of course, a hawthorn) is considered a magical tree. There are many country men and women who would not dream of bringing hawthorn into a house, for some disaster would surely follow. There are plenty of country women who still believe that it is particularly dangerous to sit under a hawthorn at Hallowe'en.

But belief in the magical qualities of the hawthorn is much, much older than Christianity. There was some connection with fertility—to the Ancient Greeks it was the emblem of hope; the Romans used it for the torches at wedding processions—and there was also some connection with mistletoe. This survived until recent times (perhaps it has not altogether died out yet) in the north of England, where it was the custom for young men to decorate the kissing-bush with may-blossom and also the doors of the houses in which young unmarried women lived.

CUTTING MISTLETOE AT ASHTON-UNDER-HILL, NEAR EVESHAM: Mrs. J. Humberstone, on one of her husband's ladders, cutting mistletoe, standing steadily in spite of the uneven ground. Mr. J. E. Humberstone designed the self-supporting fruit-picking ladder last year in order to prevent damaging the outside branches of trees by leaning ladders against them.

Mistletoe is also a magical plant and has a connection with Twelfth Night. It was sacred to the Norsemen as the instrument of Baldur's death.

" So on the floor lay Baldur dead; and round
Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts and spears,
Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
At Baldur, whom no weapon pierced or clove;
But in his breast stood fixed the fatal bough
Of Mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw—
'Gainst that alone had Baldur's life no charm."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

After this unfortunate occurrence Frigg, Baldur's mother, took the mistletoe and hung it high upon a tree, never again to touch the earth. And under it enemies were reconciled and gave each other the kiss of peace. That is why to-day we hang mistletoe high.

When the Norsemen came raiding England they brought faith in the mistletoe (now doubly sacred, both as the instrument of Baldur's death and the plant of peace) with them. It was soon taken over by the Druids. In Druidical times mistletoe could only be gathered on certain nights after due ceremony and sacrifice. It was considered (and still is by many countrymen) extremely unlucky to cut down a tree on which mistletoe grew or to allow the plant to touch the ground. And mistletoe upon the roof of a house was a sure protection against lightning. Occasionally you may still see mistletoe upon the roofs of cottages in isolated parts of the British Isles.

With the advent of Christianity mistletoe, a pagan plant, went out of religious favour. It continued to be hung in houses, but it was absolutely forbidden to take it into churches. Except in York: there, in the centre of a predominantly Norse district, it was treated with great honour, carried with ceremony into the Minster on Christmas Eve and laid upon the High Altar. Then a universal pardon and liberty was proclaimed for malefactors for as long as the mistletoe bough should lie upon the altar. Normally it was removed on Twelfth Night at midnight. The custom died when it was discovered that some of the quicker-witted citizens had a new bough ready for January 18.

But Christianity failed altogether to kill some customs connected with hawthorn and mistletoe (and presumably also the beliefs that prompted the customs), and if these beliefs and customs have now died out in this country their death has not, I think, been due to religious belief so much as to improved methods of transport and easier access to entertainment. In many cases belief has altogether gone, is not even remembered, but custom remains. Nobody in Britain now worships the sun or fire, but the burning Christmas-pudding, the snapdragon, the Yule Log, the lighted Christmas-tree are still with us. Many people still place lighted candles in their windows on Christmas Night; many country people still do so on Twelfth Night.

In Gloucestershire it was the custom on Twelfth Night to light one large fire and twelve small ones in the fields. These fires were dedicated to Christ and his Twelve Apostles. The Judas fire was put out at once, but the others were left to burn themselves out, and a great deal depended upon the way in which they burnt and the exact hour at which they went out. The same custom held good in Staffordshire and Essex, in Hampshire and throughout Wales. And in Wales the farm men were given cake and a drink. In Herefordshire and Shropshire it used to be the custom to hang a bunch of hawthorn with a mistletoe bough over the front door on Twelfth Night, and on the following morning to set it alight and carry it out into the fields and let it burn itself out.

It was something of this sort that lingered in the mind of Dai the Bridge. On Twelfth Night he would hang hawthorn and mistletoe over his front door (there was, by the way, always mistletoe on his roof and so far as I know his cottage was never struck by lightning), and early in the morning he would set this alight and carry it burning to a sown field. He liked, I remember, to carry it burning right across the field, but I forget nc w (if I ever knew; and I feel sure that I must have asked) what it meant if the fire went out before the farther hedge was reached.

Now, I think, all belief in magical powers for the mistletoe has died. Indeed, mistletoe is now a sadly maligned plant. It is described now in encyclopædias and similar learned works as a " parasitic plant," and never a word about the romance that clings about it. Moreover, it is not really a parasite. A true plant parasite (like the broomrapes) obtains all its food from another plant, its host. No plant parasite, therefore, since it cannot make food for itself, can have green leaves. But the mistletoe is green and is able to make its own food. It is true that it does absorb water and mineral salts from the tree upon which it grows, but that does not make it more than a semi-parasite.

Mistletoe is distributed through the agency of birds. The white berries are very attractive to birds (especially the missel thrush—the mistletoe-thrush—the song-thrush and the blackbird), but the stones are enclosed in a glutinous envelope which they cannot swallow whole, and which they cannot strip off without assistance. So they scrape it off by rubbing it with their beaks against some firm object, and when this object is the branch of a tree, then the new plant grows there. It is very easy to establish mistletoe. All you have to do is to rub the berries when ripe (in February) against the underside of a healthy branch. Growth is very slow to begin with, but mistletoe rarely fails to take.

When the seed germinates a sucker is sent out, which penetrates the host, growing down into the wood and thriving on the water and the mineral salts. As soon as the sucker is established, the plant begins to develop its own leaves, and from that point manufactures its own food. In other words, the sucker acts as a root.

We still hang up the mistletoe bough at Christmas. But no longer is there any particular association with Twelfth Night. It was the custom until recently—in some fortunate houses, no doubt, it still is—not to remove the Christmas decorations before Twelfth Night. Doing one's own housework, dusting and so forth, has put a stop to that in most houses.

And no longer do we have faith in the powers of mistletoe. Once it formed the chief ingredient of a love-philtre very popular among young blades of the town, and even more popular among old ones. " Take elecampane, the seeds or flowers, vervain, and twelve berries of mistletoe. Beat them, after being well dried in an oven, into a powder, and give it to the party you design upon in a glass of wine, and it will work wonderful effect to your advantage." Burton, who seems to have had some experience, says that it is most effective when given in " red wine of Burgundy." I pass on the tip.

We still hang up the mistletoe bough. But I am afraid that I must admit to my Bolivian correspondent that we no longer do so from the purest of motives. No Englishman to-day would dream of giving his enemy the kiss of peace beneath the mistletoe. To-day it is no more than an excuse.

We still hang up the mistletoe bough. But I am afraid that I must admit to my Bolivian friend a still further degeneration. Rarely now is it hung in the right place. To-day it is suspended from the ceiling, from a light-bracket, or something of that sort, in parlour or kitchen, just anywhere. We are not the men we were. The mistletoe bough should always be hung, outside and exactly over the centre of the front door. Then you have every excuse for welcoming your guests, especially the pretty ones, in the traditional manner. And when they leave, you have every excuse for showing them how sorry you are to see them go.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY PREPARE FOR THEIR TOUR OF NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA: Before sailing on Tuesday next, Anthony Quayle's company have been giving performances at Stratford-upon-Avon of the three plays—*Othello*, *As You Like It*, and *Henry IV*, *Part One*, which they will play throughout next year in the principal towns of Australasia. Left to right in this picture of the tavern scene in *Henry IV*, *Part One*, are—Terence Longdon as Prince Henry; Derek Godfrey as Peto; Kenneth Wynne as Bardolph; Anthony Quayle as Sir John Falstaff; Rosalind Atkinson as Mistress Quickly; and Edward Atienza as Poins. The company of thirty-three players which leaves for a nine-month tour next week will inaugurate the new policy of the Director of the Shakespearean Memorial Theatre, Anthony Quayle, whereby two companies will be maintained at Stratford, with one free to make overseas tours. While the present company is in New Zealand and Australia, a second, headed by Michael Redgrave, Peggy Ashcroft, Marius Goring, Yvonne Mitchell, Harry Andrews, and Rachel Kempson (Mrs. Michael Redgrave), will perform during the next year's Stratford season, which will open on March 17. In 1954 the two companies will amalgamate, and at the end of the year they will leave on a tour of the United States and Canada, which will continue until the spring of 1955.

ON TUESDAY NEXT

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY LEAVES FOR A TOUR OF NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA: "PETER PAN" BEGINS ITS CHRISTMAS SEASON AT THE SCALA THEATRE

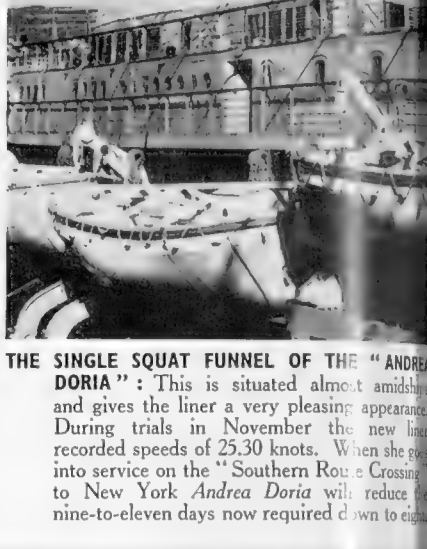
THE PETER PAN LOOK: Brenda Bruce loses her tresses for this year's production of *Peter Pan*, which will have its first night at the Scala Theatre next Tuesday. She will be the twenty-seventh actress to play the part since Nina Boucicault, who was the first Peter in 1904. Miss Bruce had been growing her hair long for several months for a film, only to have it shorn in less than half an hour. This will be the forty-ninth production of *Peter Pan*. With Nina Boucicault in the first production was Gerald du Maurier in the traditionally dual role of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook. This year James Donald will take the two parts on his return to the London stage after two years of film-making. Wendy will be played by sixteen-year-old Hilary Rennie, who understudied last year and who adds yet another story to the many connected with Barrie's famous fantasy by being the first understudy to be promoted to the part in the following year. Russell Thorndike repeats his richly comic performance of last year as Smee

BIG SHIPS

FROM BRITISH AND ITALIAN YARDS

The New Italian Liner; Britain's B Tankers; And Other News of Shipbuil ing from Loch Lomond and Amsterda

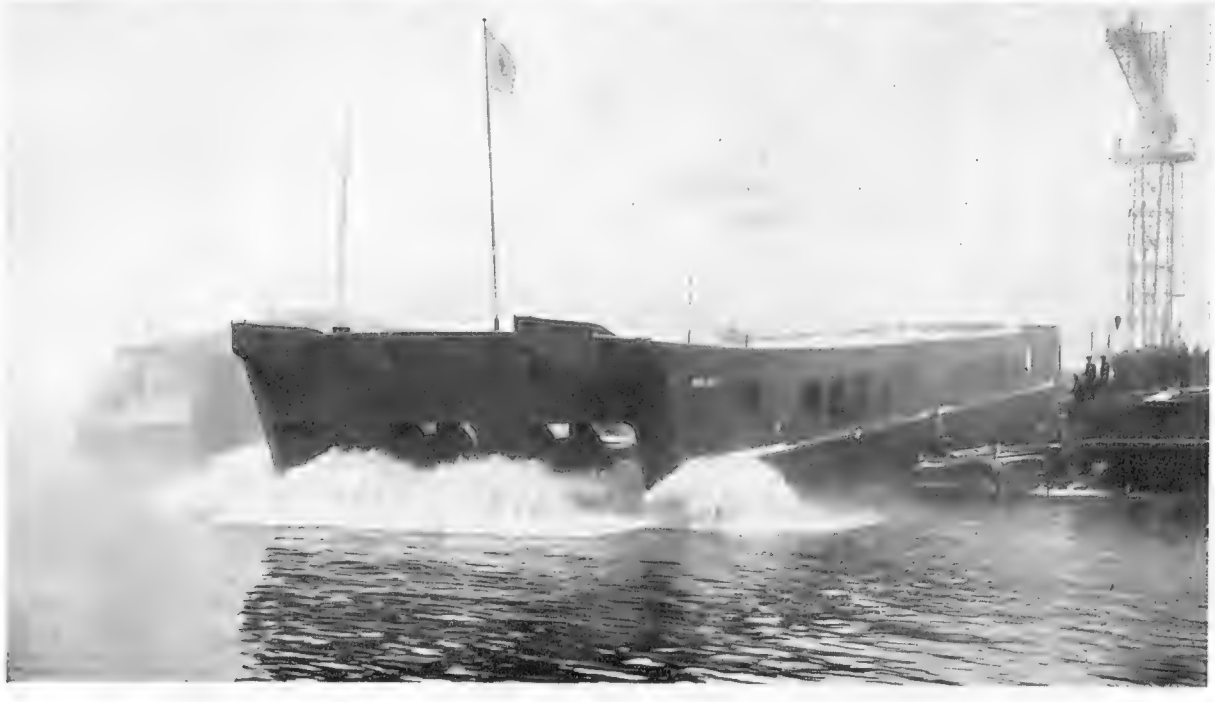
ITALY'S NEW FIREPROOF LINER PREPARES FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE EARLY IN THE NEW YEAR : The bows of the new Italian liner, *Andrea Doria*, in dock at Genoa, which is to go into service on the transatlantic route to New York on January 14, 1953. Launched in June, 1951, at Ansaldo Shipyards, Genoa, the vessel is of 30,000 gross tons. She is 697 ft. long, has a beam of 90 ft. and is 49 ft. high to the promenade deck. There are ten decks, and the liner is capable of carrying 1,241 passengers with a crew of 575, having first, cabin and tourist classes. The bridge is completely prefabricated, and there are three outdoor swimming-pools. *Andrea Doria* is powered by 50,000 horse-power turbine engines, giving the ship a cruising speed of 23 knots. This will enable her to cross from Naples to New York in eight days. The new liner, like a battleship in the Italian Navy which also bears the same name, commemorates the Genoese soldier of fortune who made his reputation as a fighting seaman at the turn of the fifteenth century. At first Andrea Doria was a commander of the galleys of the Genoese Republic, but later served as a commander under Francis I and under Charles V.



THE SINGLE SQUAT FUNNEL OF THE "ANDRE DORIA" : This is situated almost amidshi and gives the liner a very pleasing appearance. During trials in November the new line recorded speeds of 25.30 knots. When she goe into service on the "Southern Route Crossing to New York *Andrea Doria* will reduce t nine-to-eleven days now required down to eigh

LOCH LOMOND'S NEW STEAMER TAKES SHAPE ON A SLIPWAY AT BALLOCH, DUMBARTON : As yet the ship is unnamed, being known for the present as No. 1474P. From the angle at which this picture was taken the view gives the impression that the ship is being constructed in a field.

THE BOWS OF THE NEW BRITISH RAILWAYS' STEAMER NO. 1474P : The steamer's hull was built by Ingli of Pointhouse, Glasgow, and then dismantled and transported overland to Balloch, where the ship is now taking shape. Though the ship is only bein fitted out she has been booked to carry 900 Vale of Le old people on a Coronation Day cruise. This is the firs time a ship of any significant size has been built on the shores of Loch Lomond. The old steamer on the loch *Prince Edward* (the funnel of which may be seen in the extreme left of the picture *above on left*), was also bui at Pointhouse in 1911, but was launched there and reached Loch Lomond by sailing up the River Le During the voyage she grounded and remained fas for several months owing to the low level of the wate



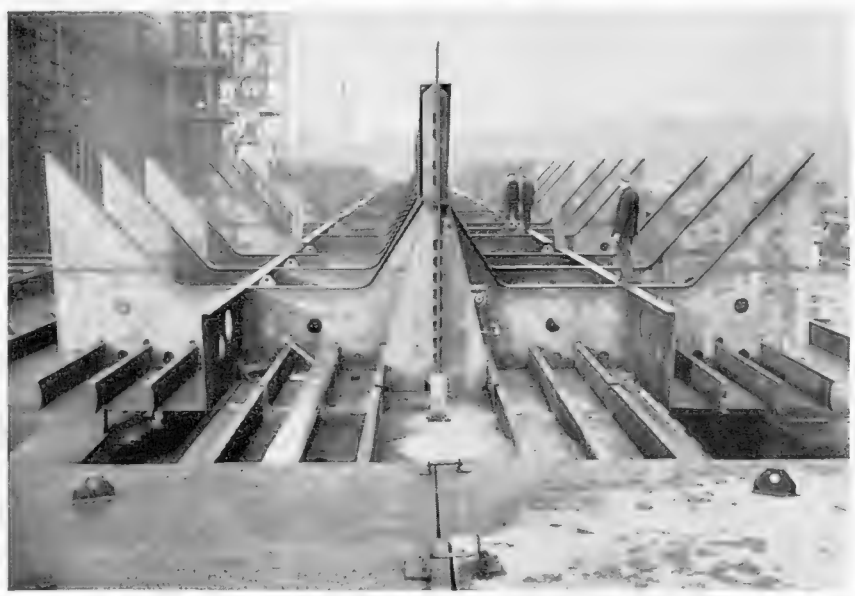
On left—

THE AMSTERDAM LAUNCHING OF A CUTTER-DREDGE BUILT FOR PAKISTAN : The snow-covered *Aminul Bahr*, which has been built by the I.C.H. Holland on behalf of Pakistan, takes the water from the wharf of the Machine and Shipping Company, a subsidiary of Verschure and Co. Ltd. Mrs. M Bokhari, wife of the Pakistan Chargé d'Affaires at The Hague, performed the naming ceremony. The *Aminul Bahr* will be used in dredging the rivers in East Bengal, where shipping traffic is especially heavy. I.C.H. Holland, who built the dredger, is a combination of Dutch shipbuilding companies

WELDER AT WORK ON A TANK HATCH ON BOARD THE "BRITISH SAILOR," A NEW TANKER WHICH WAS DUE TO BE LAUNCHED ON DECEMBER 17: The 32,000-ton tanker *British Sailor*, here seen at Messrs. John Brown's celebrated shipyard on the Clyde, is the first of thirteen similar-sized tankers being built, or on order, for the British Tanker Company. The vessel will be the largest oil tanker ever launched on the Clyde, and will be the largest British-owned tanker so far launched. Near by in the same yard a start has been made on the *British Soldier*, and the pictures on this page show the two ships in their varying stages of construction a few days before the launch of the *British Sailor*. The new tankers will make a valuable addition to the British Tanker Company's fleet bringing crude oil from the Middle East to the new refineries which are springing up in Britain.

THE MASSIVE BOWS OF THE LARGEST OIL TANKER EVER LAUNCHED ON THE CLYDE: The 32,000-ton tanker *British Sailor* on the slipway at John Brown's yard at Clydebank, just prior to her launching ceremony, which was arranged for last Wednesday, the ceremony being performed by Lady Fraser, wife of Sir William Fraser, chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The *British Sailor* will be powered by a Parson's double reduction turbine engine made by John Brown, giving the ship a service speed of over 14 knots.

JUNGLE OF STEEL ON THE CLYDE—LOOKING FORWARD ALONG THE MAIN DECK OF THE "BRITISH SAILOR": This view shows the tank hatches, pipe-line and the cat-walk of the new 32,000-ton tanker.



ON THIS KEEL WILL BE BUILT THE SECOND OF THE NEW TANKERS: An early-stage view of the framework of the *British Soldier* at John Brown's yard.

WHEN THESE TWO SHIPS GO INTO SERVICE EACH WILL CARRY 30,000 TONS OF CRUDE OIL FROM THE MIDDLE EAST TO THE BRITISH REFINERIES: *On the left* is a view of the foredeck of the *British Sailor*, showing the "degausing" cables, and *on right*, the *British Soldier* in early stages of construction. According to present arrangements the latter ship should be ready for launching by September, 1953. The British Tanker Company is the shipping organisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VITALITY IN MODERN BIOGRAPHY

This is the Keynote of Some of the Latest Publications, Most Notably Reginald Pound's Life of Arnold Bennett; the Reminiscences of A. E. Matthews

VITALITY, intelligence, and in each case a generous share of some special capacity—to write, to act, to record: these are the qualities common to the subjects of to-day's biographies, and of them all, the most essential and the most typical is vitality. Take, for instance, the life of ARNOLD BENNETT (Heinemann. 21s.), which has been brilliantly written here by Mr. Reginald Pound. It would be very nearly impossible to write a dull book about such a lively figure, but Mr. Pound has done more than give the reader a faithful copy of his subject's character and achievements: he has given us the most vivid impression of the man himself, his voice, his movements and his appearance, as well as the sense of his ambitions, his foibles and his gruelling hard work.

For the people who remember Arnold Bennett this book will be the kindliest and yet the most acute of reminders of an unforgettable personality; for those who know him only through his books (at least one of them, *The Old Wives' Tale*, a classic) it will be an introduction to the clever, affectionate, often flamboyant personality who was the man behind the novels and the plays. Arnold Bennett had a humble start in life; he was born over a small corner shop in Hanley, but he lived to know riches and fame, both of which he thoroughly enjoyed. His zest for life, in spite of recurring bad health, was tremendous. He would take the keenest pleasure in his yacht, his country house, his newly-equipped study and, from his own journal, he appears to have been as indefatigable a diner-out as Browning. A Toscanini concert was "simply tremendously beautiful," but not all parties were occasions for joy. "Not much brotherly, or sisterly, love at this reception," he noted once, "but much backbiting."

Friends and the meeting of fresh people and new celebrities gave him pleasure, and he was able to relish social occasions, but work always came first and he kept a record of the number of words written in a day, a week or a month. That this remarkable personality was able to work and to play so hard, and to leave so pleasant a memory behind him I would put down to a triumph of vitality.

In spite of the immense success of his play, *Milestones*, it is as an author and not as a playwright that one thinks of Arnold Bennett. A. E. Matthews, however, seems to belong absolutely to the theatre and to the stage, on which he is celebrating his diamond jubilee, for this amazing and apparently ageless actor is now in his eighty-third year. MATTY (Hutchinson. 16s.) is his autobiography, and it is wonderfully good reading, whether your interest lies in pre-Boer War reminiscences of South Africa, stories of the Australian turf in the '90's, or more classic episodes of pretty girls and champagne suppers. There are, too—and for me these form the kernel of the book—page after page of sound, unglamorous, intelligent analysis of the way in which a good actor achieves and keeps his own style.

In Matty's case, this has not necessarily included a strict conformance to the words of the part. About forty years ago he mentioned to Bernard Shaw that he had never appeared in one of his plays. "Nor will you," replied that gentleman. "I prefer actors to speak the lines I write. I hear that you prefer your own." Nothing damped, and in fact delighted, Matty has been going from strength to strength ever since, and now combines a stage with a screen career.

Matty's reminiscences of the great actors and actresses he has known are part of the book's charm: Ellaline Terriss, "the prettiest girl I ever saw," Charles Hawtrey, "he stood on a pinnacle," Charles Wyndham, Gerald du Maurier, Gladys Cooper, "that captivating creature," Dion Boucicault, his close friends, Lionel, Percy and Mary Brough—the list itself is a small history of the English theatre. As for the book as a whole, the most fitting praise and the truest that I can give it, is that it exactly reflects the wit, toughness and extraordinary vitality of the author, of whom Noël Coward writes that "he has continued to keep his own code of values untarnished for eighty years by the cunning device of retaining his sense of humour."

THE WINNER OF THE PRIX GONCOURT, FRANCE'S LEADING AWARD FOR A WORK OF FICTION: Beatrix Beck, the author of *Leon Moron, Prêtre*, was born of an Irish mother and a Belgian father.

PROMPT COPY (Hutchinson. 15s.) is a neat title for Miss Jean Webster-Brough's story of the distinguished theatrical family to which she belongs. From the days of Barnabas Brough, a contemporary and friend of Dickens and Thackeray, to the author's own days, and our own, the careers of the various members of the Brough family are arguments in favour of heredity theories. Although some of them were writers and journalists, it was the theatre that claimed their first attention, and the stage with which one automatically connects their names.

Lionel Brough, the author's grandfather, was an excellent all-round actor, whose "friend and playmate" was Henry Irving, and who said with considerable satisfaction that he had made actors of all his children. Fanny Brough, "possibly the best of us all as far as acting is concerned," was hailed by Bernard Shaw as great, and that was praise indeed from him. Robert wrote, and so did his brother William, who was also at one time manager of Covent Garden and a founder-member of the Savage Club. Mary Brough, that heavenly stalwart of Aldwych farces, is a happy memory to most playgoers of our own times, and Jean herself, after a strenuous war with ENSA, and her cousin, Margaret Webster, in New York, still uphold the family traditions of hard work and devotion to the theatre.

From vitality to contemplation and to a no less keen appreciation of the savour of life, even if it is found in very different places. Sir Stephen Tallents writes of country sights and sounds in his admirable volume, GREEN THOUGHTS (Faber. 15s.), in which he has arranged his series of short essays according to the four seasons and decorated them with the graceful drawings of Mr. Brian Allderidge. Winter, for instance, is represented by thoughts (and practical advice) on wood fires, goose-plucking, chimney-sweeps, and so on.

Sir Stephen writes with a deep love of the country, but he also writes with originality and humour. This is a book that you will want to keep by you whether to re-read a favourite passage, or verify the instructions for making a willow nursery.

The portraits and essays in Mr. Peter Quennell's book, THE SINGULAR PREFERENCE (Collins. 16s.), are, in almost every case, entertaining reading, but their collective effect is something more vivid and more memorable than that, for through these pages we experience an immensely wide variety of interests, of places, of people and of circumstances. Demonstrably, the writer is not one to pursue one sole line of thought or taste, or to run on a monotonously single track. He writes about Beau Brummell, and illuminates some aspects of that once immaculate figure, but he also writes about the dynasty of the Sansons, the French executioners. You will find pages on the Elizabethan dramatist, John Ford, and pages, too, on "the great Victorian fantast," Edward Lear, who wrote so movingly of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo:

There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,
Lay a large and lively Turtle,
"You 're the Cove," he said, "for me."

One cannot but applaud the writer who can discourse with equal erudition and shrewdness on subjects as different as Chinese poetry, H. G. Wells and Mrs. Thrale.

NOW THRIVE THE ARMOURERS (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is a soldier's story of action with the Gloucesters in Korea from November 1950, when the 1st Battalion reached Korea, to April 1951, and the grim battle on the Imjin, which added fresh battle honours to the Gloucester's colours. Mr. Robert O. Holles is himself a sergeant in the Regular Army, and is twenty-six years old, having served with the Gloucesters in Korea, and had his own experience of action with them. He is also a promising new writer.

The first two novels under review this week share the same theme, although its treatment is so different in each book. It is the quality, emotion, characteristic, call it what you will, of faithfulness. Mr. Bruce Hamilton, in SO SAD, SO FRESH (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.), writes of a very young man's love for a girl whom he knows to be trivial, though pretty and indifferent, although friendly. Such a story, with little incident or dramatic content till its final tragedy, might in some writer's hands have remained insignificant, but Mr. Hamilton invests it with the tenderness one must feel towards youth and its torments of indecision.

THE LONG FIDELITY (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a variation of the *motif*, for Miss Kathleen Warren writes of the attachment a lonely girl, unhappy at home, may have to a big family which seems to give her all the friendship and all the appearance of unity and comradeline which she lacks. In the end, as it turns out, it is ever separate member of that family who come to rely the girl, now grown to womanhood, who by h faithfulness, gives their one true experience of securit

To drama, and even to melodrama with the ne novels. First, THE IRON MISTRESS (Werner Laurie. 15s. which is the long, romanticised, but consistently e citing story of James Bowie, whose prowess in figh and in duels left a trail of dead men behind him, ar was due to his immense physical strength and l wielding of the Bowie knife he invented. He died hero in the historic siege of the Alamo, in Texas, an Mr. Paul I. Wellman has made the most of the recita

THE SHADOW OF THE RED BARN (Hutchinso 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Philip Lindsay's masterly reco struction, aided by the arts of fiction, of the notorious nineteenth-century crime, the murder of Maria Marte Undaunted by the fact that this has been celebrated on the stage in verse and even in poetry by an enterprising designer, Mr. Lindsay has brought his considerable gifts of research and of expression to the task, and has produced the most readable of versions.

Lewis Broad's QUEEN, CROWNS AND CORONATIONS (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) was originally undertaken to mark the Coronation of Edward VIII, which never took place. The book was eventually published for the Coronation of King George VI, and now it appears with a new title and in a revised edition in advance of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Mr. Broad gives us an account of previous Queens who have ruled over us, and he discusses at some length the difficulties and opportunities of a Queen's Consort in the light of the career of Prince Albert. Mr. Broad includes Queen Victoria's own narrative of the events of her Coronation day, and no one who reads it will be able to escape the thought that here was a Queen with a journalistic flair. She found everybody most helpful on that day of days, most notably "my good Lord Melbourne," the only exception apparently being the very awkward Archbishop, who put the ring on her wrong finger, causing the Queen great pain, and the maladroit Bishop of Durham, who did not keep her posted as to the nature of each phase of the ceremony. Both of these prelates would have been the better for a rehearsal. Yes, indeed, Victoria was a keen observer, and she knew the virtue of simple English in recording her impressions!

The world of Henry Alken was the world of sport in Corinthian days before the birth of the railways, of Squire Osbaldeston, the hunting squire who never could refuse a wager, of mad Jack Mytton (who cured his hiccups by lighting his nightshirt), of those fighting Titans, Tom Cribb and the negro Molineux, and a host of others besides. Aubrey Noakes, in his book, THE WORLD OF HENRY ALKEN (Witherby. 16s.), brings many of these astonishing, half-legendary characters to life, as indeed did Alken himself in his superb prints. These were the twilight revels of a doomed era of privilege, and in re-telling the story Mr. Noakes has taken advantage of all the dramatic possibilities. The book is the latest addition to the Old Sporting Series, of which Mr. Noakes is himself the General Editor.

THE JOURNALISTIC FLAIR OF QUEEN VICTORIA

How She Recorded Her Coronation

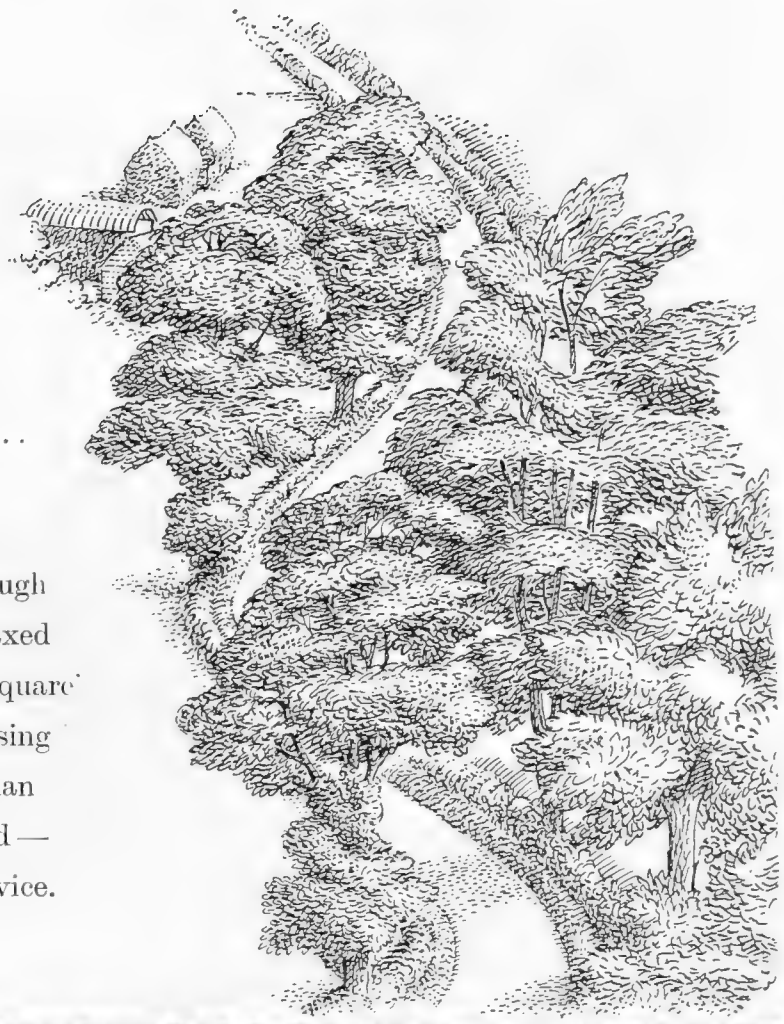
Woodrow Wyatt, one of the younger leaders of the Labour movement, has travelled far and fast since he was adopted for the Aston Division of Birmingham in 1945; he has made a name for himself as politician, author and journalist, and he has not done this by sitting on the fence. His book, INTO THE DANGEROUS WORLD (Weidenfeld. 15s.), is in part autobiographical, but more than that it provides insight into the cross-currents of Labour politics and reveals some of the trends of to-morrow. Many readers will be interested in Mr. Wyatt's views on Britain's future role in world affairs. He sees for us a moral leadership, a period of unparalleled greatness beckoning. Britain, he says, has demonstrated to the world that there is a better road than either Communism or undiluted capitalism. "She has shown that she believes that democracy extends to all races and colours. She has proved that material power is not all." Mr. Wyatt sets down his views with skill. He eschews the Third Force as a means of holding the balance between Russia and America, but he urges the vital importance of the Commonwealth and European partnerships, concentric circles of understanding which pave the way for unification in a free world. Here is some very clear, downright thinking on international affairs, perhaps not so clear and altogether too downright on internal Labour Party issues, for there apparently, in Mr. Wyatt's view, these aforementioned concentric circles of understanding do not have to operate.

The pace of sport, the rapidity with which events succeed one another, demands a regular assessment, and recording of achievement, and Louis T. Stanley's SPORTS REVIEW (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.) is just the sort of record book that is needed. From September 1951, with a retrospective review of the cricket season of Festival Year, to August 1952, with a review of the latest cricket season, Mr. Stanley gives us notes and comments on all the leading sports. There is a full record of the Olympiad, while horse-racing (in Tulyar's year), lawn tennis (in Maureen Connolly's year), boxing and golf all have their fair share of limelight in a very well-documented and well-illustrated volume.

The fifth volume in the series Recording Britain, which is being published on behalf of the Pilgrim Trust, takes us across the Border. RECORDING SCOTLAND (Oliver and Boyd. 50s.) is edited with notes by James B. Salmond and contains a truly magnificent series of full-page illustrations, James Miller, Robert C. Robertson, W. M. Frazer and James Wright being among the many outstanding contributors. In all, 145 pictures are included.

Among railway experts and enthusiasts BRITISH EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE DEVELOPMENT, 1896-1948 (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), is sure of a welcome. The author is Edward Cecil Poultney, a member of the Institution of Locomotive Engineers.

The way ahead



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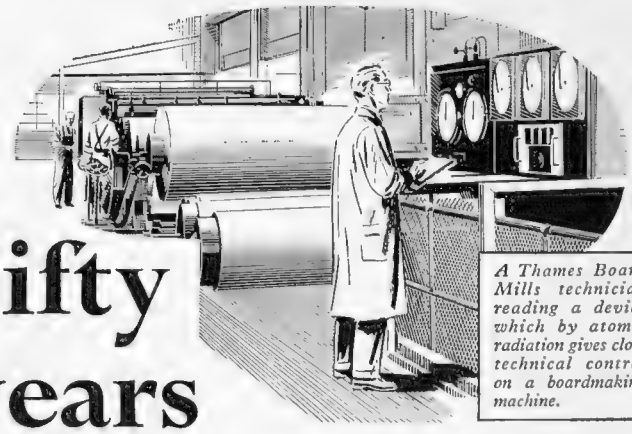

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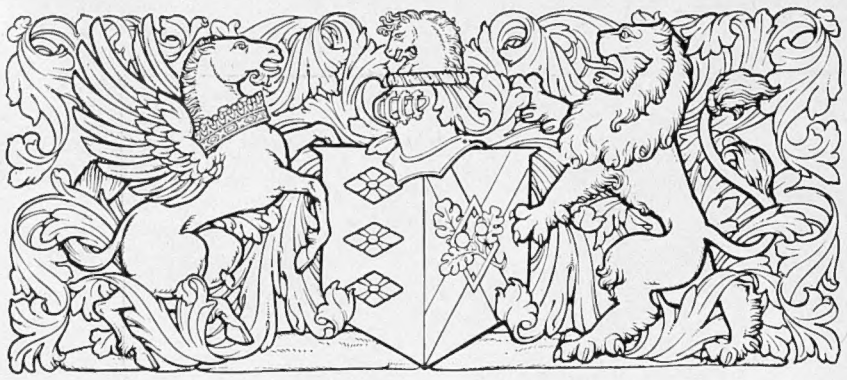

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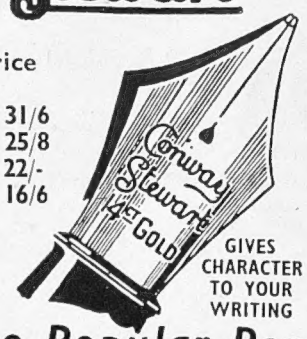

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